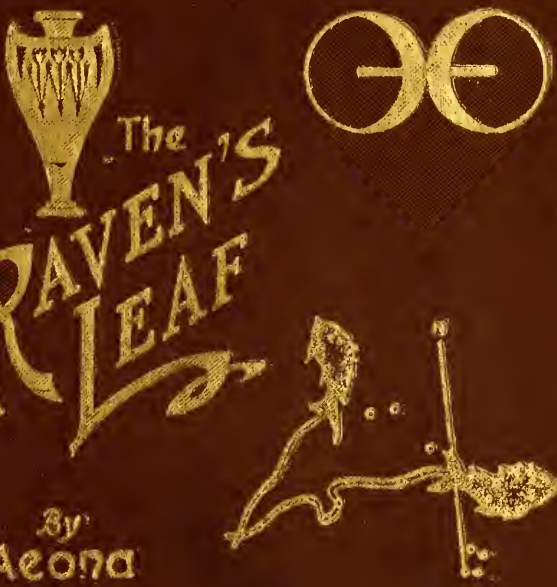
The Raven's Leaf



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Ioana

The Raven's Leaf.

POEMS

BY AEONA

Gen. 8th chap. 7th:—"And he sent out a raven which went forth to and fro, until the waters were dried up from off the Earth."

A MESSAGE OF SPIRITUAL LIGHT, POWER,
GUIDANCE, RAPTURE, HARMONY
AND REVELATION.

FOWLER BROTHERS
Los Angeles, Cal.
1907

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H. V. LUCAS

"Thrust in Thy Sickle."

TRUTH.

Paradise is nearer than pilgrims know,
As they look on their slumb'ring dead;
As they strive to pierce through the gloom below
That envelops each sainted head.
Oh, say not! 'tis on some fair, foreign isle
Washed by th' pathless oceans of Light;
Not there shall our loved ones tarry the while,
We linger and long for that blest sight.

Impassable "gulf" hinders htem not!
Whose hearts close knit by the strands of love,
Are united in dreams, this world forgot!
Fore-tasting the joys like that Above.
But no mortal eye may behold from whence—
To the thirsting mind is given,
The power to draw with the mystic sense
Th' nectar of Life and bread of Heaven.

When covering cherubs have rent the "veil"
Letting gleams of His Glory in.
Lo! the BRIDEGROOM awaits! who then can fail,
In th' Presence that seeks the soul to win?
So near seems now, that radiant Shore!
While we glide on the shimmering "wave"
With Divine *Afflatus,* to part no more
From the precious Love sweet Mercy gave.

With our last heart-beats, last farewell token,
We're launched away to th' Spirit Land;
In Great Heart throbs—the "bowl is broken"
Only clay remains to the Moulder's hand.
How gracious the welcome in self same hour!
Of the shining friends left Realms of Day:
To pilot us Home, where restful bower
Shall fit us again to "pass this way."

"Could I give up the Hopes that glow
In prospect, like Elysian isles;
And let the charming future go
With all her promises and smiles?
The future!—cruel were the power
Whose doom would tear thee from my heart—
Thou sweetener of this present hour!
We cannot—no—we will not part."

—*Bryant.*

As the grape comes to the vine,
The fruit to the tree;
As the wind comes to the pine,
And the tide to the sea:
. . . . . .
So come to the Poet his songs,
All hitherward blown
From the misty Realm, that belongs
To the vast Unknown.

His, and not his, are the lays
He sings; and their fame
Is his, and not his; and the praise
And the pride of a name.

For voices pursue him by day,
And haunt him by night,
And he listens, and needs must obey
When the Angel says: "Write."

—*Henry W. Longfellow.*

"The noble heart that harbors virtuous thought
And is with child of glorious great intent,
Can never rest until it forth have brought
The eternal brood of glory excellent."

—*Spenser.*

"And now was turning my *desire* and *will,*
Even as a wheel that equally is moved
With LOVE that moves the Sun and other stars."

—*Closing verses of the Divine Comedia.*

THE RAVEN'S LEAF

PREFACE.

As Editor of these selected Poems, I deem it an especial honor to be called upon to write a few lines in Preface thereto. The inspirational nature of these lyric efforts, is particularly marked—the Authoress has "builded wiser than she knew"—and her originality is so apparent that she stands out unique—among writers of this Age, when God "pours out His Spirit in such fullness "upon all flesh."

To the lover of the Occult and especially to the disciple of Esoteric Christianity, the verses of "Aeona" will be interesting and will require several perusals to gather their full mystical meanings,—for they stand in a class by themselves.

They must be carefully studied and analyzed to be appreciated as she seems to have transplanted the Emersonian type of Philosophy to newer fields, appearing more like a re-incarnation of the Concord Spirit of Poesy than an imitation thereof.

Should this introductory contribution to inspired literature be favorably received by the general public, Aeona Poetess has in reserve for a second volume of like character to this initial labor, another collection including her Masterpiece—"The IVY and the ORC," comprehending in one grand sweep:—the Ancient Past rooted in Mythology so poorly understood,—the portentous Present firmly grounded in ethics and economics,—and the glorious Future towering high in spiritual aspirations and attainments.

As a whole, they will further testify to the Revelations of the hour, to the source and authenticity of our Scriptures, to the importance of prophecy, to the value of so-called material tests in personal experience and the marvelous results of psychological investigation—for the individual and the Nation.

Her soul progress is too nearly identical with that of the eminent "Lillian Whiting" to require the twice-told tale, each and every work shall speak for itself.

—The Editor. D. P. S

Los Angeles, Cal.

Then saith he unto me, See thou do it not: for I am thy fellow servant, and of thy brethren, the prophets, and of them that keep the sayings of this book: worship God.
—Rev. 22:9.

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THE WEDDING.

To thee! lone star, on thine orbit unfurled
From Infinitude's Center to a distant world—
One spark from the Anvil on High was hurled,
To *affinity* find in the atoms whirled:

To thee! fair star scintillating glory!
Hast thou borrowed gems from His lab'ratory?
To lustre enhance of the truth grown hoary
Must be piercing the *mists* clothe allegory:

To thee! sweet star with celestial shining!
For my somber night lends a silver lining,
Wears halo *immortal* for hearts combining
All our *lives* "hid in Christ" thou art destining:

To thee! oh star, o'er my pathway gleaming!
The gloom to lighten where naught of the seeming,
My steps could direct to the *infant*—dreaming
Of Paradise left, with angelic teeming:

To thee! bright star, thy radiance shedding
On soul lost in shadows the end was dreading,
Having "bid" to the feast—alone was threading
An intricate trail to attend the "*wedding:*"

To thee! *my* star, five *points* of the zenith
Art given; the *first* Divinity meaneth,
At Bethlehem—*two* our Relations seemeth!
Depends on the *third* in heavenlies gleaneth:

The *fourth* point looks to ether vibrating!
With tides to adjust that power emanating
As WILL and Idea;—the *fifth* cor-relating—
Finds Muse to my *star* this work dedicating.

With *thee!* in circuit of LOVE revolving!—
May we be His guests?—by presence resolving:
That union with "Lamb" to honor,—involving
But a *gift* to the *Bride* this earthly dissolving.

CONSECRATION.

Why jealous, Jehovah! Thy constant cry
O'er Virgin forgetful that Thou wert nigh?
Why jealousy charged to "Goddess of Love"?
Fair Venus, once ruled in thy courts above.
What a fatal sleep, dear *Psyche*, for thee,
Because you were fairest of sisters—three;—
When the vase of "bitterness" marked for his own
By "Messenger" wounded, to thee unknown;
Unerring and true, did his shining quiver
Then set thee apart for his chosen Bride,
That One roamed Elysian Fields so wide:—
Though "Cupid" the "God of the Silver Bow,"
Might not for a season claim her below.
While stern seemed decree made lone that lot
Of the gentle Soul found loveless her plot;
Fond marriage with mortal hath not been won
For her was "anointed" by Holy Son.
"Oh! search out the "Oracle" still Divine,
Ere other shall plight thee, is surely Mine."
That "thorn in the flesh' 'escaped in Time
By the yearning mind seeks the Better Clime,
Ascending the "Mount"—waits Zephyrus' arms
May waft thee to rest and th' Presence charms.
Content to abide with thy lover unseen!
Till fullness of Purpose rends veil between:—
Thus avoided, the snare vain senses set
And the "beauty box" Proserpina let,
With that weary *trail* on an Earth-bound shore
At last brings the wanderer, Hope of yore;
'Tis the Christ spirit comes from Bosom of LOVE,
The first born of Venus, descends with the "Dove";
To gather the sleep from her dreamy heart,
Bear *Psyche* aloft to her Angel Part.
Ah, sweetest of Myths! how poor is this World,
Hath lost the riches—thy Thought unfurled;
Its "mystery" guarded from vulgar tye—
What Rapture now tints "Millennial" Sky?

The Ravens' Leaf

POEMS.

THE CHAIN OF FRIENDSHIP.

The days of my infancy lapsed with the pages
Of state gave to nation name for th' ages,
Spent th' years of my youth on alluvial plain!
'Tween two rivers hastening to ocean's main;
The hours when my heart was its lessons receiving,
Kept busy the hands in love relieving,—
An overtaxed mind—in moments reviewing
Changes were past, not sorrows ensuing:
Gone, gone are they all, only friendships recall!
And the broken link on the shining brink.

Oh, that chain! does Nature for friendship's morning
Take guise as she will, with best adorning.
Otherwise cold clay with springtime of gladness
The summers' fragrance or autumns' sadness;
Gives a merry face, an associate taste—
Gentle touch of soothing, thought interlaced!
A kindling glance or a courtesy kind

Its influence forever on earth to bind;
Links in mutual gain, in a poignant pain!
At pastime gay brings together for aye.

Always, was it said? Yea, in fondest hoping—
We had deemed our own the forms were groping
Their uncertain way to the hidden landing,
When their lamp went out, beloved left standing;
Oh! awakening rude, that robs our slumbers!
For eternal rest our dearest numbers.
When daily these ties growing tenser revealed
To the circumstantial in life were sealed,
Why had we not thought of the chain getting taut!
Demanded some *friend* at the other *end?*

Has't never occurred to the world satisfied—
That He might grow weary on the farther side?
Wearing garments of flesh, labored, a brother!
O'er city of sin wept like a mother,
When facing his *change* ere companions parted
Saith, "henceforth, we are friends." Then was started:
And the first link welded of mystic feeling—
From soul to soul telepathy stealing,
Has fixed beyond time, all emotions sublime!
Those others to forge span the Royal Gorge.

Oft Jesus alone holds mysterious chain
Even "three against three" tugging in vain;
This beautiful earth with melodies ringing
Our senses dull to the sweeter singing—
Can be heard when the pull from the spirit shore
Brings the tuneful ear near the "open door."

Just how many must pass its length completing!
How many add strength this side depleting!
May, if pendant at all in penal high hall,
Be lease extended was death intended.

Should we authorize friends our cause to present,
The Saviour implore to plead for extent
Of mercy with "stay" for our Fannies or Franks,—
Saying, ready we make to join your ranks:
That bright cheerful presence, soft tender smile
Are so precious, we'd keep this little while;
Will not set them an idol twixt Thee and me
Thou Friend showed the way to Eternity;
Doth so vital appear our title to clear—
For a season to *think let us pause at the brink;*

To inquire what our claim on Immortal Life,
To learn what incumbrance unholy strife
Has put on the record! our right retarding
To enter that land no fitness regarding.
Shall we count them as *friends* who bid us beware
Affixing our seal to possessions there?
Who remind us *nine points* are the blameless part
And yet in the tenth lies concealed the dart:
Giving the jewel; to take was it cruel?
Unrestored to our care,—unheard was the prayer?

Unto her be it so,—that Wisdom reserves
To its station each child, for it preserves;
Sanctifies to her service! the poor crazed brains
Which a crushing grief for salvation trains;
Sends out in the storm with her lantern swinging!

Some feeble frame to one purpose clinging
With tenacity born of that awful dispair:
Result of the tragedy laid him bare
Where "four hundred" before Lady Elgin bore,—
Kissed the angry wave not a friend to save.

Perchance! 'twas her light gave the signal flashing
Across the waters dangerous dashing—
Helped the bark had been doomed, in safety to reach
A mother was widowed or wife on the beach.
Might be such a friend?—in trust be it spoken
Shall I strangers know by this same token?
That magnetic thrill makes lasting impression!
In the star-lit eyes seen deeper expression,
When harmonious swell, vibrations that tell—
We struck the keyboard in common accord:

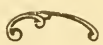
Another link closed. One larger and weaker
Till electric current each makes a *seeker,*—*
By attraction its opposite pole has found
Of atoms a kindred unity bound;
Would aid the transmission of that subtle force!
The self complacent should hasten on course,
Adopting the motto "don't worry" that blends
But illy with trouble, making for friends;
Know not what is lost nor immediate cost,—
Lack promptness as well where the worried excel.

To a circle could range of true hearts are beating
With sympathy fine, I extend this greeting:

---

*Seeker—The woman of Sychar: at the "Well of Jacob."

You have mantle of charity spread for feet
Were dismayed to tread the deserted street;
May those generous deeds on them reflecting—
Bring the knightly dow'r no harm effecting;
May their mantle returned, some impulse carry
From rush and routine of work to tarry!
Open links to cement for friendship was meant:
Through the *known* to Unknown—with *breath* ether blown.



NIGHT.

Sweeter thy silence, oh! night supreme!
  Than melodies borne from a bustling world.
Deftly thy mantle is spread over all
In the mountain vale, where the shadows fall
Sooner and longer, inviting to dream
  Of the "Milky Way" with wonders unfurled.

Myriad eyes! they shine in the dark;
  As softly they gleam thro' etheric space
Fixed and motionless!—mortals gaze,
And doubt the astronomers' reckoning pays;
Think th' great panorama some stellar park
  Where elect with "the Gods" find a dwelling place!

Sweetly thy twilight closes the day
  With etchings are varied in vapory fleece;
Who knows but our racing "crystal sun"

Hath his colors caught from the Coming One?
Loving him better when gone far away
On his round of duties that daily increase.

Acres must fair vegetation grow!
Our millions to feed, stimulating the arts:
Learning takes lead, photographing the race
With their music, their thought and th' astral face;
Clothing and life giving germs do we owe
To the bright solar ray in blessing departs.

Leaving us night's restorative balm
Makes the mind more tranquil in tropical belt;
Nature, serene, in smiling repose—
Contrasting with sharpness of gale that blows,
Freezing our breath in a northern calm
Where the soul is "snow-bound," only fire can melt.

Peaceful thy sway!—when storms do not sweep
From an overcast sky or abnormal mind;
Welcome! to one has courted in vain
Some soothing influence on a bed of pain,
Frees the soul at last in a restful sleep
Loosed the iron hand of a fate unkind.

Cares without number, the poor man's dower
And they with ambition scarce halt for the night.
While not for those songs of rippling mirth!—
And not for a dance on gay fortune's hearth,
Would I exchange eve's first quiet hour
In the sunny south-west when the world goes right.

Sweetest of all—from sorrows can draw
The heart in suspension, counts moments well spent—
Is the rich perfume of the orange groves,
By the zephyrs wafted to spicy alcoves.
Roses prolific!—what flora with flaw?
Doth its wild beauty blend with bounties, are lent.

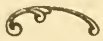
Tired of the light, wakes incentives to toil,
We droop in the heat of the mid-summer sun:
Brings to maturity, bakes in the sand,—
As th' rain may descend or exude on the land;
How could we endure thro the night to broil
Under other Sol rose when our day was done?

Wisest of all beneficent plans
Was division of Time gave this precious boon,
Youth ever buoyant to "Cupid" yields,
In its sober years tender infancy shields.
Wasted and wanted! those after bans—
For an eternal Night make us wishful soon.

Who has not tasted that dual Life?
In dreamland, escaped purgatorial pain?
Lived an age in an hour, some heavenly joy
Refreshing again for this earth's alloy;
Slow to believe,—engaged in the strife—
Yet for Days and for Nights, GOD has made thee twain!

Faded from sight, those glorious dyes!
Of a landscape changed in the sinking sun,
Gently the touch of fair "hidden hands"!
Takes upward my thought, to the angelic bands
Prison doors ope,—when the physical lies
In the victory wrapt, dual self has won.

Sleeping and waking, we journey on!
  Nightly losing ourselves in the "King's highway";
Know never the secret, unbars the gate
As the shades approach have guarded "estate";
Hoping to rise with the morning dawn,—
  Have you promise of night with a Better Day?



THOUGHTS FROM THE HAMMOCK.

Clear out of the world! in the soft summer-time,
By the Sierras enclosed and the golden clime
Where heaven greets me with an open palm,
I swing in the hammock, seeking the calm.
There all things quiet and restful around
Only beauty astir with a cheerful sound;
All alone with nature and God, I sigh—
While the halcyon days are going by.

Those coveted hours! with her in the nook
Often sits beside with her sewing or book;
Then in smiling attitude Hope appears
And helps us to plan for the coming years:
As we court the changes will broaden our lives
When the other three and their project thrives;
But, shortly, my heart takes up the refrain,—
All alone with nature and God, again.

Because,—they're so far from mother, you know;
Of course, Harry did not quite put it so
But myself is flattered he meant it that way,
While I gaze o'er those loftly peaks today;
And think of his roads with picturesque views,
Visit region which fire and earthquake strews;
Wond'ring where his dear head is pillowed to night—
Then it is, God and nature fade from my sight.

Each day, much the same, for his trip seems long!
While the life insistent,—a busy throng —
Cannot ease the pain that started with thought
To attack my citadel, fear inwrought.
High noon brings no letter, nor yet the eve!
To assure of his safety, and thus I grieve.
Then,—gentle caresses;—was it nature? or God—
Reminding to pray, while I dreamily nod?

The twilight gone! night's guardian risen
My soul conducted from earthly prison,
Now strengthens the mind for its morning tasks,
Completed,—once more in the hammock basks;
There the sunshine mellowed by shifting shades
Of the sweet magnolia, never degrades,—
Taught me GOD in th' Highest, thro creature low
Some lesson in Nature sends mortal slow.

First, seeing—I saw not; hearken, ye hearing!
Ere the whirlwinds' fury rise at the shearing
Of Samson's long locks, to scatter the planks
Placed along his path but to him no thanks!

Just as that patient ant,* so far from its goal,
Seen tugging at straw for some under-ground hole
Thrice carried and dropped it—Watch nature's despair—
Till God led to nearer one, lying there;

Alike in appearance for structure within!
Old discarded for new? Ah! could we begin—
In selection of plank builds "Pandora's" pen,
By taking the straw nearest senators' den.
'Tis reform that we mean,—Election laws—
Unwise from the first, developed those maws
In due course of nature swallowed up "Ham,"
Now, gapping for God, say "See, who I am."

All bound for that station, we'll go the same way
If we don't right the wrongs in Union this day;
Some long with their votes bought favor and seats,
Their masters, with money, ruling the streets!
The factories, farms, road-beds and the lands—
Were "heritage" ours. Yet "Liberty" stands
A statue of "Rights" guarding mammon's domain;
Only Nature and God for the people remain.

Why! how did it happ'n, oligarchy won?
Was national Capitol thus undone!
Has republican prestige ignoble stain!
Since Wall street the real secured her fane;
You may sum up the answer in one short word:

*Emerson, in his work on Nature: The instincts of the ant are very unimportant considered as the ant's, but the moment a ray of relation is seen to extend from it to man, and the little drudge is seen to be a monitor, a little body with a mighty heart then all its habits, even that said to be recently observed—that it never sleeps—becomes sublime.—Author.

That is, "motion" for bills—either put or referred,
With resolves to "investigate" tabled straight—
When nature or God found the voice they hate.

Devotees of Mammon seek a Mecca east,
His motions prevail in the Halls he leased
Where the "interests" worship; incidental expense
Saddled on to the masses, won't get off the fence.
Discontented! some day, they'll surely "go west"
To chase up the source of the winds, at rest,
Till the MOTIONS of GOD sent sun and the rains—
And Nature was crowned on the western plains.

Rotating, our world to the eastward turns;
Know the power that propels? Whose secret urns
Lie hid in the West—whence original Hand—
Threw us whirling in space with the starry band:
Is revealed to those cultivate kindred taste
With Him quelled the storm and the winds may haste,
When a vacuum calls:—Was the thunder hoarse
Exhibition of God, or Nature's force?

E'en so His east wind sets one on the trail
Though peevish dame gossip wears pitiful wail;
But, the longer belated! by leaps and bounds
We must quicken the pace, nor stop on the rounds;
Young souls in old bodies have knowledge to learn,
Why a youthful face not our chiefest concern;
Why, man in his sins looks to Satan's throne!
While the *good* trust to *nature* or *God* alone.

EASTER CHIMES.

Again those melodious vespers are swelling.
A tumult of memories rise with misgiving:
That our feebler acts and conformities telling
How low is our standard of holiness living.
At an earlier mass see th' penitent bending,
Yea, with bread and wine at eleven art shriven.
Ye ritual served; the vicarious blending
With blood sacrificial assumption has given.

Yet that sacred spot must we reverance truly
For the Heart was there broken, in suffering drained
Of the life whose abundance He gave to them freely—
By their faith entered in, where no spy hath attained.
Forgiveness in death! Oh, that Majesty matchless
In purity, purpose and power of Heaven,
Conferred on His followers sight into pathless
Mind, has over matter ascendancy given.

There a Stephen they stoned testifying for glory
Because he would witness to that brave Example.
By thousands in Rome, middle aged and the hoary
Fed the "burning bush" for a Nero to trample.
And not ended then; other periods hastened
To fill up their measure of wrath for God's vengeance—
In their day appointed, with rod to be chastened
Or in sin swallowed whole by Tartarus' dungeons.

All this for the sequel!—why was it conviction:
That this One from the dead resurrected was seen

Where doors tightly closed to fraud put restriction?
Should the Christ for a doubter take personal mien?
Why had he succumbed to the demon that hated?
Why must He go hence, sending Comforter willing?
While the "light of the world" his destiny fated
Who in Heaven Above was His station filling?

Could he thus shewing forth pre-eminent calling
Come down from the cross, shutting mouths of the scoffers?
Saving bloodshed and self be a false prophet falling
Into "condemnation" for what the flesh offers.
Knew His Father at twelve with that wise understanding
Which "communion" acquired in deep meditation;
In stores everlasting culled hope is demanding
From "tomorrow of death," what our destination?

Not once but the many returns ere Ascension
To that sovereign state by the GODHEAD granted,
Not the many but one arrests our attention—
Who first saw the Risen by vision enchanted;
It was Mary went early with ointments prepared
In the closing hours of a sad "dispensation,"
To the sepulcher, guarded by sentries, repaired;
Supposing sweet savors would win consecration.

With heart, head and eye educated by Pastor
Had invoked from his rest a Lazarus sleeping,
Undaunted by specacle—drawn to her Master
By Love is enfolding each Mary left weeping.
Strange that stone rolled away when darkness was waning,
Gave access to bier of the Truth was forbidden;
Ah! mystery still; neither angel explaining
In the "church," where the key to Divinity hidden.

Hold fast "the King's secret." "Not here, He is risen!"
Must the soul in its loneliness faint or dispair?
Turned back to the garden sees Him "preached in prison"
To the spirits earth bounden unmindful of "stair."
She thought,"but the gard'ner," stood trembling and fearing;
The question replied "Tell me where thou hast laid him"—
Would make himself known, there Immortal Appearing
Disguised wore the cerements mortal to aid him.

Who shall show us the magic concealed in a name?
When accents familiar, endearing give token,
Saying, "Mary—why weepest?" a Magdalen came
To realization through grave was it spoken;
In her own *native* tongue was assurance most sweet,
Not in languages dead mock centuries later,
All the years eighteen hundred prostrated at feet
Of th' "image," imploring *"stone"* for the satyr:—

Shall grow to a mountain, ten kingdoms be smiting
With its impact and force like an earthquake girtles,
Shakes up the self-righteous, revilers affrighting
Would slay in His Name smiling down through the myrtles.
Can we wonder that Soul was burdened with pity,
With the weight of its grief at Gethsemane qualied?
For fiery baptism must envelop each "city"
Or a Jericho fall by the Faithful assailed.

There foreseen and foretasted for physical man,
Through the love of the truth dares commemorate age
To that urn was uncovered, when our progress began
With a bold Galileo enumerates page:
Of those unsupported at the furnace recanted,—

Of those born anew met its jaws in defiance:
The many sons risen from burial planted
With Saviour in silence found Christian alliance.

Is it Life for the body these days represent?
Do we desecrate Easter and Sunday as well?
Into feasting have turned ev'ry holy day *Lent*
Till confessor from careless you scarcely can tell.
Wife merely housekeeper is rarely a Martha,
Much cumbered with serving for Him is impressing
One susceptible heart, with lessons "Golgotha"
Finished after, for her, "better part" possessing.

An immaculate dinner—all over this land!
In immaculate trimming house, dishes and "lamp,"
In immaculate toilet our hostess at hand;
Shall no other "conception" Immaculate stamp?
Were the rabbis our guides, Apollo our pattern!
Nothing queer about cranks of outward observance,
Where Jesus is supping, elected of Saturn*
May "unwashen" sit down, His own chosen servants.

Would he, present this hour, like elaborate costume?
Would sepulchers "whited" now have his sanction?
Has our gospel gone on with foibles of rostrum

*An unconscious reference to "Saturn:—an ancient Italian Deity; in memory of his dominion, the feast of Saturnalia was held every year, in the winter season. Public business was suspended, declarations of war and criminal executions were postponed; friends made presents, and even slaves were indulged with great liberties. A feast was given where their masters served them, to show the equality of men, and that all things belonged equally to all in the reign of Saturn. His wife was Ops, the goddess of sowing and reaping;—hence, . . . the idea of opulence flowing to the masses through the establishment of equality among mankind."—Author.

Till we dance before Baal in carpeted mansion?
Are there mourners who come abreast with the dawning!
To the last resting place of the *form* they adored?
There find He has passed from its portals are yawning
And without stands awaiting—our Lord is restored.

Neither trappings nor tomb can detain the "anointed,"
With the "oil of gladness" from old was exalted
To manifest God, shout the vict'ry appointed!
Over Parsees and priests have our rights assaulted.
Saying, "I will have mercy and not sacrifice;"
Once again, hear the "law" sin propitiating—
Yields to covenant, new, at Mt. Calvary's price,
Left the Sonship is higher—officiating.

"Of Melchisedec's order," unknown lineage;
Accepted by few that direct generation
With Holy Ghost power fixed His parentage,—
Seeks similitude since in regeneration.
Otherwise entertained by those may be healing!
Others traffic and play with this marvelous source:
Omega and Alpha of that *one* was kneeling
Sought in unity—Strength, kept his *star* in its course;

Is beginning for all His "initiates" know
That the road beaten hard by the late multitudes,
Must be left for the trail, radiating with glow
Of the Thibetan taper in deep solitudes.
Points the logical end! moved Mount riven through
From summit to base by electrical volt,
From the cloud o'er its crest shut the windows of blue,
Used Artillery matching the fierce thunder-bolt:

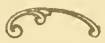
Was vibrating still through His body transmuted
To that essence so fine, has each positive pole
In Consciousness centered vain self has disputed,
Falsifying that miracle done by the WHOLE.
On that first Easter Morn lit the candles to burn!
Set alignments anew for a future certain,
Set the seal of approval on *spirit return!*—
Introduced better drama with rising curtain.

Do the anthems now pealing, bells that are loudest—
Still legitimate wants?—Sharp strenuous struggle
To keep up appearances, vie with the proudest,
Sail the seas on the foam of elements, juggle?
Can't we throw in the background household exactions?
Go with Mary a mile while mind is the clearest,
"Where no man hath been laid," no past, no distractions!
And embalm with our prayers memoir of the dearest."

There an open grave shows no earthly corruption—
Holy one can embrace, ne'er secure in its chain;
For the spices no need! would design interruption
Of decay will progress, though their odors remain.
Who now adds to certitude—wings that are fleeter!
Ev'ry instinct addresses to sanctified shrine,—
His message may take to "disciples and Peter,"
May outside of its precincts meet "Risen" divine.

What had Mary then missed, her service deferring
Till accomplished routine of duties hold woman?
What had history missed of devotion, is stirring
To grander endeavor the nations more human?
What lack in religious emotions! reserving—

No evangelized mission for mother and daughter!
Could not *nail* to the *tree*,—for Easter preserving
This account of the Lamb "led dumb to the slaughter."



THE LOVE OVER OURS.

(Memorial to my brother Raymond.)

With my photo collection lies tin-type blurred—
By wantonness, wizard, or the wee babe strayed.
Not another can bring from innermost deeps,
Like the picture I kiss, of one who sleeps,
Such a well of remembrance, that flowing leaps
To meet as a fountain the "cloud" that weeps:
With a livelier tint clothes verdure that swayed
In the rushing of wind by the "small voice" stirred,—
At our trysting place *Love* had appointed here

Why this four-year old given such a prominent niche
In my "holy of holies" where pedestal raised,
Held in after events other vases four—
Keeping buds from Conservatory o'er
Prison-house of trials and suffering sore;—
Hints a mystery like unto angel wore:
For he "journeyed apart" ere the solstice blazed!
To lose in illusions of mid-day wick,
The *Ray* from that Love, we had fostered here.

Only sister caught shaft, Saturn sped in the dark
Of environments trusted with issue in life.
All else then agreeing, no sacrilege seen
In the shearing that gave to the scizzors keen
Those glossy bronze curls fit to deck a queen;—
Those ringlets that clung, stamping girlish mien
With a nature unsuited to sorrow and strife;
Preparing to follow the plough till his bark—
Was launched in the Love manifesting here.

Coincident view passes common enough!—
Aye! content with externals will you not peer
Into hidden ways of the Highest, Who veils
His sublimest truth under print of nails!?
Why believe with the poet whose finer gift fails,
Who deemeth God *gains* or on mother prevails
To cast aside "grace,"—Law entailing pay dear;—
For sole compensation adds chilling rebuff!
Relieved by His Love from earthy cares here.

When a shallow sarcasm invested with rhyme—
Inclines to establish a balance found thus,
Full pretty it sounds, to say winning girls
Alone should continue in sunny curls:
Pleasing, womanly airs, unbecoming pearls,—
Like a saving religion not for sinning churls;
To convert into man making sensible fuss!
Even stealing from Nature her infant in *time;*
A burlesque on the *love* that cradled him here.

This queer subterfuge may console for a span,
Though one weaker waxes for want of the soul—
Would buoy up his mother as haying-time flies

To lay up more treasures beyond the skies.
But I know, when those locks fell in spite of my sighs
Was a brother shorn by the "author" of lies.
Same custom that's making our midgets look droll
In pantaloons,—changing our sweet little man!—
For one that slights Love such as Eve seeks here.

In a world so complex 'tis a noxious weed
Comes to fruitage in soil by error prepared!
My thought I'll revive in dictum more plain:
Not always shall father reap worldly gain
In the mother's loss of her baby "Jean."
For "sickle" made sharper, descends on the twain
To sunder from body, two growing grey-haired—
Who worship together at shrine of this creed,
Spurning pledge of the *Love* that sent him here.

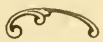
His service and smiles they have missed on the road—
Getting dimmer, rougher, as they near the bridge;
Groping blindly along their touch on the rail
Sixth sense too benumbed with labor to hail—
Either heed their own with the precious "grail,"
Through th' dusk will not follow friends on the trail;
Their brooms hugging tightly both wearily trudge—
Through the mire never asking a hand to unload;
Though a *willing* spirit was that *love* waiting here.

So young, so tender to tread the cold "valley";
Feel the waters gurgling, shrink issues dissolving.
And yet in those moments of agony there
As he rose with "guardian," wings of prayer,—
Was born of submission a stubborn pair
Life tenure uncertain should the birth-pangs spare.

In the "wave" efficacious they plunge resolving:
Flame advancing, to flee, ere the tempter rally—
Overcoming the *Love* Christ revealeth here.

And the "Sunshine" departing the parents wall,
Sought an aperture—where a Ray of Light
Could convince with its shadow on th' sandy floor,
The *"divine"* walketh in at an "open door":
That the sun's still shining, transmitting ore
To smelter refining for the golden shore.
In vision he knocked for admission one night—
Long I struggled for strength to answer his call,
My heart searching space for that *love* bound here:

How the bolts flew back! *barriers burned away,*
The pass-word spoken and communion given,
Liberation from doubt by a glorified son—
Whose dedication was a mission begun
When a narrow circle concluded it done—
Confirms a sweet faith for the faltering one!—
Who, the chasm would cross by a step to Heaven,
At eleventh hour bursting the bonds that stay—
Our "At-one-ment" with Love, that has brought me here



THE SOUL OF WORDS.

The shelves piled high, the bookcases crammed
The paper racks full, the libraries jammed;
Leaves nothing to wish has visible weight,

From its products of pen are right up to date.
The sea and the sky, equator and poles
Ransacked for a story some genius extols;
Though cheap be the sheets, our language completes
And the soul of the words in meaning repletes.

Bindings superfluous!—type must tell
Their beauty and worth where writers excel.
Does rhetoric most appeal to you?
Etimology first had much to do
With tongues newly born, orthography bold
Not like us tied to authorities old.
Did Webster's rare mind in symmetry bind?
Yet, the soul of the words we still must find.

Sounds could not serve to impress *his* name
Living comes down with American fame,
Gave us credit abroad. Ah! whence th' taint
On English pronounced a libel on *feint.*
Was 't our faulty plan?— that per capita style
Lets heart education to lag the while,
Smooth sophistries bleed; oratory—not deed
When soul of the words is the peoples' need.

Oral or print, prosy half of the time,
Oft fluently furnished rhythm and rhyme;
Small thought was conveyed in flowing feet
Since other verse sipped the sentiment sweet.
Can't flowers of speech find nectar enough
In the source over all, though the skies are rough?
More blooming each week hold th' honey ye seek—
May the soul of the words their message speak.

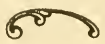
As *beads* on the *string* hidden from view—
Be they lucid with light sometimes shines thro,
So the inner Life in various phase
Gleams forth from the page; or hackneyed phrase
Proves its shallow depth, may purpose expose!
Would lead us in chains to our champing foes;
Thus the common herds—e'en cattle and Kurds!
Find "heaven and hell" in the soul of words.

Ready made religions—fit for the mass;
The same in opinions which you must pass
And think by yourselves, the reasons for them;
How Nimrods began to distinguish men.
Why it is, no beads of fortune now wait
For the humble hand on a Haviland plate.
Mere creatures of fate! Must they suffer and hate!
Till *soul in their words* has made them *great.*

Irony cold has power to slay
More in a moment than grew in a day;
As swift to destroy—that torrent burns
Like molten lava affection that yearns.
Better than such, is no soul at all,
Better empty vessels—those words that fall.
Leaving occult ends to reveal us to friends,
When the Soul of new words in harmony blends.

Worship was crude gave way to "Divine"
Foreshadow was each could man refine,
And the Great Spirit taught where the red man trod;
'Twas liberal Athens to th' "Unknown God"

Raised an altar that pleased the FATHER* above,
Spoke one like Himself manifesting Love:
No longer deferred—this lesson inferred
Shows a *Personal* God is the *Soul* of HIS *Word.*



THE FATE OF THE ROSES.

Once a boyish admirer, with fine careless ease
Sallied forth in the Garden to while away grace,
With a prodigal hand pulled th' blossoms to please
An idle attraction or fancy was base.
Crushed with cold indifference under his feet
Their loveliness pleading, so tender, so bright;
Yet, moments seemed golden, he spent by the seat
Of a shaded tea-rose growing pink in th' light.

Why turned he, round quickly? As from him he flung!
Its form was expanding heart-broken, we know;
Was it Cameron pride or his own that was stung?
By its prisoner flew in that long, long ago!
Let me tell of one passed with a manlier tread
Lightly touching the flowers like a reverent child;
By permission, then plucked the bonniest red
Captivating rose that upon him had smiled.

*Says Emerson in his Essay on "Language": That which intellectually considered, we call Reason, considered in relation to Nature, we call Spirit; and man in all ages and countries embodies it in his language, as "The FATHER."—Author.

This bloom he transferred to his button-hole,
All its freshness he sought to keep for himself;
Fatality strange!—that drooping, it stole
And his senses bewitched enslaved by the sylph.—
In its calyx concealed, lay artful and coy
From the Soul of the Word recruiting her charms;
Higher minded than fairy—we wonder why Floy
Left those *Devachan* plains for Dakota farms.

Might be lingering trace from treasuries' past
Of the joys "Hiawatha's wooing" there gave,
Under moonlight so free, when the firelight cast
Sportive shadows ahead of events that save.
And you wouldn't presume with imperious pose
She'd associate long with the prairie queen,
Though she took on the airs of a "fickle wild rose"
Till her Lover drew nigh, in rhapsodies seen.

There in wilderness planted to blush unknown,
By the Florist delivered, now what is her fate?
Costly vase to adorn! in affinities' own,
Decorative to scatter her leaves o'er the plate.
Thro that gentle regard discovered in *time*
It could not survive such unnatural birth,—
Held in button-hole close, ne'er a breath of the clime
Gave rose to unfoldment in kind mother earth.

In the elements set urged on to perfection,—
Shall its usefulness pass with the lady's glove?
When its fragrance departs, shall this be exception?
Only thorns to reward disappointed Love?
Nay! the tenant remains, exquisitely fair—

Of the sylph peeping out thro' coquetish orbs,
Will abide with the Lover selected with care
Her rich blended colorings—ether absorbs.

Sigh not that she faded! when leaves drop away,
Nor think she's the "last rose of summer" to be;
Watch the promising buds in clustering spray—
Are awaiting their turn for maturity.
Shall the sylph not bestow her wonderful wealth
Of affection and gifts? Enveloping them
With the pure atmosphere necessary to health,
Though paler companions should grow on the stem.

And the Lover enlisted thus early in Life,
Counts nothing a trouble induces their stay;
Surroundings improves, tempers wind that is rife
While *American Beauty* may have its Day,
Most petted, most prized! yet no family feuds
Alienate the sweet sisters; one brilliant and tall—
As a tree or the climbers her cousin includes,
In modesty holds spicy odors of all.

'Tis the pale *Marshal Neil* in a spot retired
Hangs her head with a shyness, you must be shown;
Then with me you'll be hoping her fate was inspired
Gave one to the sweetheart most ardent alone.
Parted her with a hand unsteady, but true—
From the stalk which was twisted completing the arch;
Bore in triumph, anon, breathing vows that he knew
Struck deeper than strains of the "wedding march."

Of ev'ry description rare flowers remained!
But none left so lonely as stately *Le Marc,*

Where the Marguerite faint, and the Feverfew deigned
Not once to congratulate, once to remark:
How beautifully *roses* for bridal were dressed!
Creamy white stood the one, wore azure above,—
Drew suitors about, kept us guessing the best;
Did either one know half the meaning of Love?

Why friction ensued, and a quarrel occurred!
Truly, I cannot say, but a choice must be made;
Most surprising to learn that Le Marc said a word:—
Sent one on his way while the other lad played
And toyed with the petals that showered him o'er
Like dew-drops of Heaven—remission of sins;
Taking timidly her hath the Spirit in store,—
Linking fate with the Roses, his future begins.

THE RACE WITH THE SUN.

My disconsolate, questioning spirit did grieve
On a dim astral plane looking out o'er the Main:
There no courier seen brought the welcome reprieve
For care that enchained her—forged "bill of attainder."
For *self* not a thought, in mine eagerness summing
All of courage to plead, fervor to intercede
With the FATHER *unseen* for a reason why coming—
Were no tidings of one who had errand begun.

Why, oh why didst Thou send when declining of Day!
No Time left to slaughter, leisure to loiter
In the hedges inviting—innocent to play?
At the brooklet in brake, never thirst stop to slake
But temptations assail him few strong to resist:
Sweet scented on banks lift the flowers in flanks,
Some artistic taste calling—sure he will persist
In culling their graces for the dear home faces.

Here th' *cobra* most deadly finds covert or sunning:
If incautious, his foot may stumble at root
Of th' evil that's spreading 'neath carpet so cunning—
He would never guess *fangs* had provided his pangs.
Ever fearless and thoughtless, pursuing his joy
Treads safely, mayhap, where the timid finds trap;
As he fashions a rod for delightful alloy—
Tiny minnow to land on the whitening sand.

In bush or the bramble, through tall, nodding clover!
Just "a bare-foot boy" may he tardily toy
In God's Aviary, some lesson learn over,—
With the butterfly's chase brighter talents debase?
He'll tire of such sports, will remember his mission,—
Dreading Parent severe—to counsel give ear:
Bethink of the sad, tender Sister's monition
"On the ground do not lie when th' evening draws nigh."

And who is to warn! nearing Nature's stream often,
Where he stoops on its brink refreshing to drink
From its beverage sweet? There presiding to soften
Inner craving of lymph sits petite "Water-nymph":
With a potency sent from original Store—

Intended to cheer His Ambassador here,—
Starting out with a Flame which Divinity wore
To be fed with the Love that is born from Above.

Did those elements shaping in kindly embrace
His image that caught her, smiling up through th' water
To the music attuned, of a sphere in its place;—
Point the Neophyte, pure, ruling destiny, sure?
On his errand, must Brother trust senses beguiled?
Oh, why, still I moan, amid perils alone
Is Thy task thus imposed on susceptible Child?
Scarcely *Man* scores a run in that *race with th' Sun.*

More slanting its beams, now his pace is redoubled,
For no laggard is he! at "Gethsemane"—
Asleep would not fall, leaving Soul that is troubled
To be taken by "spies" moody Judas allies.
Wiser Porter than Peter must guard our estate,
Such fleshly Apostle doth hinder and jostle:
First, denying his Lord,—lieth prone at the Gate,
Now, to rest and to dine, oh, let him resign.

But One mid the "Candle-sticks" stands o'er the Way
Sent the tidings I sought: "Thou wailest for naught,
When his Orbit he rounds, Centripetal sway—
There exerted, he'll wheel like a boat on her keel."
This comforting message did Angel deliver,
In my yearning—to heed I failed, for his need
Apparently great—made me sorrow and shiver,
For th' dangers that thickened as erring was quickened.

Not the least of disputants to harass his path
Was th' fleet-footed "hare" gamboled fast to the Fair:

While so slow toiled the "tortoise" thro' fields of "Ardath"
He captured and taught her swift transit by water.
Still my patience finds ready excuse for boys' actions,
Of the hare, was he jealous? The plodding, they tell us
At the "Goal" should arrive in advance of the factions,
Would show in a "wager"—Missourian stager.

His experiment proved that instinct before him—
Had formed to its station each beast of creation;
Where things have beginnings and use is the forum!
He discarded the tent, though construction his bent:
More clearly for once, now, I saw "looking backward"
With a vision inspired, gift newly acquired,—
No "Cast-away" Brother—who journeys with Jacquard;
Never "wreck on the Sea" for a Ship-wright will be.

Count no failure—commencement save in direction;
He waits on renown till his burden's laid down; —
His plans and designs pushing on to perfection!
There's success in the air, when he builds up the "stair."
He must first sip experience! stand persecution,—
Must glean at the lecture and try architecture;
Must court intuition, charge some institution
With electrical fire he's borrowed from higher!

All this to accomplish, Kindergarten mean time—
Be always in session 'gainst future succession,
Whilst the claim was neglected in bleak, frigid zone
He must work over-hours seeking mineral dowers.
Again I remonstrate and sigh for assurance,
Oh, FATHER I pray Thee, in mercy accord me
Thine answer to this: should he lack the endurance
By Night over-taken—at Morn will he waken?

Cold Earth for his pillow! may Guardians flying
Set the ladder probation for "heir of salvation"?
Near "Israel's" head—open Heaven for the dying
To behold with his eyes brighter World in the skies?
Shall Thy Wisdom offended—petition deny!
In "captivity" lead when departed indeed?
From the distance came echo of VOICE—the Most High:—
"Aeona! cease weeping, return to thy sleeping;"

Mortal body he rescued from fate did impend—
Found a "shelter in storm" his protection so warm;
Doubt ye not, all sufficient—My Strength to the END
Can preserve through th' Night and continue with Light.
To guide, I employ no Power of Coercion,—
But, search every heart and My "likeness" impart
To the tablet washed clean at "fountain" *conversion,*
Thus My coin shall I know by inscription below.

My children, I'M Abel—to draw by persuasion,
At My Right Hand sitting is the Lode-Stone fitting:
Under His "Law of Grace" there is no evasion,—
Art legitimate Son! when His "labors" are done."
Devotion to home, country, Life,—incarnation
Each epoch brings nearer, His impress makes clearer:
Be family, citizen, KING—Coronation!
On that altar ye give, springs the "phoenix" to live.

BORN OF THE SPIRIT.

What can I do! for him who died
And rose again, ere Easter tide?
Can we repay one, foully slain!
That man might heavenly futures gain.
That through the truth we might go free
Be fitted for Immensity;
Taught all should drink from hidden fount –
Showed Moses standing on the Mount,
With strange Elijah come from God
Had tasted death where Jesus trod.
"Transfigured" there, he soon would be
Accused for his Divinity;

For breaking bonds their custom forged
For bridging "gulf" that sin had gorged;
There Sadducees —a skeptic world
And Pharisees combining, hurled
The stones that slew a martyred host,
And crucified Him loved the most:
Would prove we live beyond the grave!
Would strike the shackles from the slave;
Brave witness,—He prepared before,
Set squarely in the "open door";
For angels opened wide at WILL
Of FATHER blest those coming still;
To comfort bring, to courage call
Our fainting hearts and feet that fall.

How doth my soul rejoice to learn
He sent my Own to bid me turn;

How precious is that lesson sought
When Christ the miracle hath wrought.
No cord has death in sleep to bind
Our conscious hopes, our kindred mind;
If priest and prophet then could rise
At his behest to light the skies,
If He could preach to prisoned souls
No earthly clay their senses holds;
If John "divine" ascending too
His fellow servant —angel knew—!
Why! should I fear th' unseen Cause?
Acquaints me with those "higher laws."

Can I do less than testify:
The gift is promised those who try
Was supplemented with the same,
That tuned the harp for lyric fame.
Saith, more should voice the message came
To woman first, must bear the blame;
Taught me a holy Spirit comes
To rescue from our secret slums:
Where greed has licensed crime to stalk
While loudly Church and Nations talk;
On tainted gold their pillars stand,
Will God redeem this glorious land?
Give pure ideals, saintly lives
When Satan's throne no longer thrives!

When all mankind secures the "fire"?
Prometheus caught by high desire.;
Each line of sage and saviours knew,
Drew down those sparks divine to woo.

With Love they would inspirit just
Will we but banish hate and lust;
They called to Life from out the "tomb"
Which carnal self had made my doom,
My better part to hail the Power
Restored the Christ that happy hour.
Oh! praises sing! and pattern take!
Of him who dried the burning "lake";
Of Spirit born could quell the "sea"
Yields up its *dead humanity*.

THE LINNET.

In a Wood where the tree is fabulous now!
Sang a dear little linnet on topmost bough.
There the vultures that gather would scarce allow
  Unpretending thrush a seat on their floors,
  Scarce imbibe a note of the harmony pours
  Through the songsters' throats from musical stores;
    Appreciate never a half-step higher
    Up the octaves that lead the soprano choir,
    Arpeggios reaching—most ardent desire.

No applause received! should even they win it,
Some thinking perhaps could outshine the linnet!
Rate modest apparel th' very next minute;
  Soon forgot the sweet sounds of contralto lone

Because a dead language imparted its tone,
To them meaningless! as the "mustard seed" grown
Of gigantic size—merely sheltered a brood
Of birds that befoul it,—in common with good
This rendezvous sought bringing Nerom his food.

None of these were supposed to trouble their heads
(In every direction flying to beds,)
To observe whether linnet in her home nest weds!
Or to dance attendance on her distant flight,
Be dispersion decreed in glaring day light
Or in magical circle detained till night,
With darkness and horrors to frighten her sore;
While charms, adolescent! serpent-subtile, wore—
Impinged on her retina, puzzle her more.

Thus it happened one eve, contracting a cold
Soaring high on staccatto her poise to hold—
Vocal cords had been strained and muscular fold.
Alas, shall her perch be abandoned for days!
Else a specialist she must consult, whose ways
And means to eradicate, simply did craze
Her faculties brighter and truer inborn
Than those of the quack ever tooting his horn;
While cocaine he doses down subject forlorn.

No hint of his practice, no warning to her
Not to swallow narcotic was deadlier!
Than assassin's dagger, believe it kind sir.
This family pet reached her roof in a maze
Of whirling sensations and sickening sways,
Just whispered suspicion of remedy slays;

Lying locked in embrace of an icy clasp
She struggles and shivers as loved ones grasp
At straws in the air, for her fainter gasp.

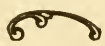
Too surely they're telling Unconsciousness nears,
Save my darling, moans mother through blinding tears!
God help us, groans father grey growing with years;
Relations and neighbors are summoned in haste!
Not a moment of time is there here to waste;
For advice up to date of medical caste,
Are the trusty dispatched, one responsive finds
Right around the corner Park avenue winds,—
Tries the latest discovery science minds.

Throws a gleam of hope where the usual fails!
When destroyer can stalk and physician wails
"Fifteen minutes" late, death had loosened her sails.
Could the hot water bags and rubbing e'er give!
Back to health and beauty that maiden to live
All the rest of her term? Was derivative
From previous effects operating as "laws"—
Have Infinite WILL for their hidden Cause:
To the rescue a present salvation draws.

But an hour of grace, higher Wisdom displayed
Through His faithful vicegerent, her call delayed;
To research be the credit of ravage stayed.
With that liquid life into veins injected—
Was motion restored and the blood rejected
By ventricles bound,—to mission elected;
Broke the calm, was stealing with pallor to claim
For premature grave, one the angels will name —
Eglistina the seraph of sylvan fame.

The sighs and the sobs had so pitiful been!
To be ne'er forgotten in portals between
My childhood of mists and the crossing unseen;
Evergreen! remembrance of limbs relaxing—
Of color revived in the lips were waxing,
Of relief to the nerves grim fear was taxing;
Oh! the feelings of joy, when symptoms recurred
Strength gave her to feebly articulate word,
In maternal ears sweetest one ever heard.

That word was "mam a," with its pathos speaking!
The world of devotion pure LOVE is seeking;
Stirred the heavy load at the heart was leaking
For an earlier grief time could not efface.
Spared another blow! did she thankfully place
Her hand in the Saviour's while walking apace?
Rise to faith renewed in Divinity's care!
For the linnet He gave to unfoldment rare,
Sings in *language* is *living*, the *future fair.*



LIKE OTHERS.

Were affluence yours, would you keep it or lose it?
In a frantic endeavor to swindle, excuse it—
Just like others who say, when reverses disclose it
Clothed the wisest intentions for people oppose it?
Have emoluments all aspiration for lever,
Is there no reputation from slander can sever?

If beautiful born, do you prize it or rue it!
As the strong barricade of the senses that grew it?
Does sub-conscious purity bid you beware it,
Put with rubbish and finery into the garret?
Lest the ugly and plain add to it adulation—
While they pattern in envy or vituperation.

Had exuberant health been yours, would you use it
That Intelligence blessing gave chance to abuse it?
Should you put an incumbrance there sure to defraud it?
Would you make application for blanks, meant to audit
Long accounts for the greenhorn, so clumsily "falling"!—
Off the fence just as spleen wished to see him go sprawling.

If queer metamorphose in grey matter, make it
Seem apparent you're "Czar of the Russias," why take it—
As safe premonition of "changes" will bring it:
When decision and faith in its fulness begin it;
Ends with "habeus corpus" to Nihilists asking,—
Bugle blast of defiance to "Nobles," are basking.

When a talent divined, would you bury or burn it—
Where in dim charnel house sloth and enmity spurn it?
Close folded in smooth snowy "napkin" to grace it,
With the grave-clothes of holiness! there would you place it?
If, by deference bounden and duties—called mothers!
You may feel it incumbent to act just "like others."

Misfortune attends having mind not to move it,—
In puerile servitude never to prove it;
Sea-faring in galley fearing sailors who rock it
Will capsize and hurl all to the Just Judge's docket!
Would you then be like others in imminent danger
You'd accept a kind rescue of rover or ranger.

If a mansion or dove-cot were mine would I like it—
With appointments and prestige pertaining to strike it
Into subsoil of vain satisfaction, hath sought it?
Ah! yes, child of nature—mysterious wrought it—
In travail must relinquish with Hagar the fleeting!
Salutation of *Sarah* "Heir" sends with his greeting:

"Know thyself" a cup-bearer, let bondage declare it!
Let acquaintance with sorrow help thee to outwear it;
Know thyself that no more can stranger abide it—
Was promised to Son with no power to divide it;
In the solitudes roam, nucleus of a nation!
Carry truth for the star of a new "dispensation."

What matter, dissenters designate thee "false prophet"?
If *thy light* in the darkness opened way for a Moffat—
A Franklin, a Bacon, Bruce and Wallace to tread it!
With millenium passed, to error gave credit;
When continued Good Will woke crusader and zealot,
Sent the sword of the Spirit and heel of the Helot!

These being *like others,* not earned the world's plaudit!
Neither focused the thought of the millions who laud it:
When that enterprise selfish—Paul paying "robs Peter"—
Is an instrument blind for municipal metre.
You may be "empty vessel," high Purpose is filling
With the great *Over-Soul* when yourself becomes willing.

Might some other be, having preference claim it!
Most assuredly, one nearest goal—would I name it;
May Beethoven have been,—who now, could we know it?—
Would an Emerson be or Longfellow—the poet.
Dare be none but Myself, odd or amicable!—
Where a "will o' the wisp" is—unmentionable.

THE KINGDOM DIVIDED.

What a princely estate may be ours for the filing!
If nominal fee makes binding and vital,
'Tis our right to survey and boundaries bargain,—
Yet co-operation goes with the title.
Here beautiful valleys, tinted uplands with verdure,
Redundant its tracts lie in level extent,
Waiting husbandman's care, yields produce the richest
When the Kingdom divided, finds wise precedent.

Guarantee of success is that slight irritation
Of th' soil brings a shower, mayhap a deluge!
From atmosphere humid with vapors arising—
Where Lethe as it sweeps naught leaves us, a refuge;
Through the heart of this country, terrestrial forming
By agencies potent of Forces Unknown—
Sent the wee stranger hither, sought home and abiding
In *Babyland* massing a fortune his own.

Does the trav'ler aweary, immigrant from afar,
Give the rein to his steed, is jaded but willing?
Dropping down on the lap of Unconsciousness drink it—
'Till restful sensations no longer thrilling,
Something latent within him is calling to action;
To *do* was he born with a will and the wants
Of a former existence, to widen his circle
Beyond the dark borders still hold in their haunts.

Draughts daily less frequent,—when residence claiming
By clear limpid waters blue heavens are doming—
Seen reflection that startles, impulse gives to freedom;

Phenominal Law!—for Cause sends him roaming.
Once contented on banks where he idly was dreaming
Did minis'tring angel attend him each day,
Soon awaking vibrations lift to conscious expression!
And he tried to call "mamma" his baby way.

For she cannot remain by his side as a fixture!
Where, artless, the rogue laughs—throwing his rattle:
Opens wellsprings of love which she never can fathom
Till he is equipped for the world's great battle.
Others step from the shadows of Consciousness growing
Impertinent often, or nodding askance
At the newcomer's wisdom and worshipful manner,
When that certain somebody enters by chance.

As a matter of course, accepts his quaint homage!
With duties enlarged demanding her presence:
From her time a small portion allots for the comfort
Of the bud, for its strength, inbreathing her essence.
And to fly with good angel! is tenderly leaving
Twenty times a day for her realm Beyond,—
Exercises the arms, using blandishments sweeter—
Than you ever thought of in Consciousness bond.

But, alas! they have lost that accomplishment, coming
From th' starry vaults to experience calling
For the earthly development, nearer is bringing—
Humanity blest was prize for the "falling."
There's another resort left to devotee, anxious!
To follow this queen from baby reserves;
Manifold the attractions for sharp little peepers,
Now, mamma! look after your royal preserves.

Keep your eyes on the toddler, reaches the kitchen!
After water, the soap or parlor matches;
Into coalhod or cans, pies and puddings he's poking!
The next moment turned to flour or the ashes;
For the medicine bottles he may have a weakness,
To play in the gravy tips over tureen;
On the linen—big ink spot shows who's been in mischief!
Has also an itching for the sewing machine.

Out of doors—in his elements, never so happy!
Those dear little hands, again are they busy;
In the sand must be digging; the peas may be picking!
The garden he tramps till mamma gets dizzy—
Engineering affairs, and allowing the darling
The freedom sound health requires to expand.
Now, approaches the hour, her kingdom's divided!
Poor *mother* can't always be *queen* in this land.

Followed others example, when latch he was raising,
They led to the gate, outer precincts closing;
Took him first, where the wonders his knowledge surpassing
Of mundane delights—for others disposing.
But the one he loves best teaches life's hardest lesson!
When deeming 'twere wiser to leave him behind:
May not theater see! though he's plaintively pleading
For the "mamma a' wight" when Donnie's resigned.

Danger lurks in the street, in electrical motors,—
Out of place in the path! wheel that is running;
Oh! the gauntlet awaits tiny feet that are straying—
Need ten acre lot for every day sunning.
Will they tire of confines that are not of their choosing?

Of endless excursions round and round the yard?
Let discretion now mark those directors, are planning
To make something famous of talented ward.

In the vast world of consciousness opens before them
Where alike friend and foe bid for their favor,
There are stimuli plenty for storehouse of atoms!
While mother decreases with many a quaver.
For his rights held "Divine" now will arbiter struggle?
As he hastes through the vale from the river's brim—
Dwindles fast to a speck, tow'rd circumference going!
Soon a gleaner prepared by destiny dim.

While attending his footsteps,—themselves are enacting:
Laws for its welfare begirting his Being—
Are the spiritual, no escape on his circuit!—
Draws soul to its moorings, whither 'tis fleeing;
Back to the stream cultivation has narrowed—
Exhausted in tears and sighs on the sod,
To be braved or be bridged by the hope, born in trial,
Of a Consciousness nearer to Thee, my GOD!

Who doth heralds send forth as the Words of His lightning!
From the west to the east flashes His Coming,
Comes to gather the "grapes" from vineyard He's pruning
On the princely estate with industries humming.
Here the Lethe of lost memories—deep in its channel—
No terror presents for a stepping stone,
Having Truth on our banner and LOVE for our helmet!—
One may span at a leap, stream flows by the Throne.

There are numbers around us, be thus manifesting—
In the Wilderness still are voices crying;

Many more sip serenely – unsearchable fountain!
Will future arise with message for dying.
At poesy's dawn Grecia's son was the grandest
Being sightless, yet sung of the full orbed Day;
Now with brilliant black eyes viewing farther horizon!
Is awaking from sleep with his morning lay.

Baby heart overflowing, to the "pitris" did prattle
"I love my papa, and I love my mamma":—
Will not frighten with judgment—hurls brimstone invective!
Shows how is divided—kingdom for Lama
Gives a hint, in advance, to the Regency holding
Gibraltar to guard its possessions, the sun—
Never sets upon here, while good subjects are crowning
Two heads for control and honor is won.

And for what do we live in this mortal investment!
If it be not to work these claims together?
In a partnership wearing the Saviour's own signet—
Doth Joseph at inn dare the creature tether.
In the long panorama of scenes that are shifting!
Can you picture more babes in swaddling clothes?
Ere imagine more Mary's, Holy Ghost is filling?
Perfection held close as perfume of the rose.

Airy flight you'll forgive, knowing FATHER is jealous
Of the first place given by fleshly *matre,*
Would His true representative call to his station:
That *Virgin* to shield though entities totter.
When that bird of ill omen, from Erie inrushes
To warn of division she scarcely can bear,
Facing battles for statehood and foreign dissension
Will th' queen who is conscious want consort to share?

Will that parent bereaved for the sake of his children
Find substitute solely their lot to soften?
Either office left vacant, is't father or mother!
Leaves the kingdom exposed, only too often.
When the burden's o'er heavy for shoulders are drooping!
Looks the pathway too steep, sky misty with fears!
Glide ye back to the stream thine infancy fostered—
And desire Him awaited you all these years.

He has walked by your side in the pasturage barren
Because the deer trod on His flowers springing.
As it garners for self all the sheaves of His "harvest"
Drowns psalmodies sweeter with hoof-prints are ringing.
Lean ye not on the earthly, howe'er it is fashioned,
Trust not for reward in corruptible land;
Will ye, Jesus believing, saith *God is the Spirit,*—
Prove His power to day, pray stretch forth your hand.

Do ye timorous search for contentment and solace?
Associates seek—may the grosser refine;
In thy bosom embrace—naught of evil suggestion!
Give no satan a key to shut out Divine.
All in heaven and earth, to Immanuel granted!
Shook him on the Cross, whom th' rabble derided;
Must you weakness confess to retain heart affections?
Record in *His Name* your *Kingdom divided.*

A STUDY IN NATURE.

One sovereign holds indisputable sway!
Her lightest caprice all creatures obey,
From the least to the greatest, thro' fear or respect
Bow low to her mandate—no matter what sect.
Whatever the foibles they fly at their mast—
The wonders of Nature—men worship at last;
And her insect creation elicits more praise
Than the garments she dons on festival days.

Some industrial way, each teaches in turn,—
Their usefulness puzzles grey matter to learn;
Apparent to me,—'twas unpardonable freak
Or spite work of Nature when sylvas were bleak:
Were a vast, howling wilderness—left destitute
Where naught but the thistle survived with the brute;
When convulsions of Aer moved mountains in haste
Leaving earth but a noisome, and gaseous waste.

Did the great dinosaur and mamoth then roam?
Shaken out of their haunts, no shelter! no home!
With primeval man doomed to lay down their bones!
In caves far away, or the stretch of the zones.
Ah! canst thou remember the frown that o'erspread
The face of fair Nature!—her favorites dead;
Saw those forests laid low! her fauna and flowers—
Came to garland the Spring in her happiest hours.

How she wept and bewailed till th' Spirit abroad
O'er the waters that reigned,—brought message from God;

Awake! mother Nature! My energies all
Are now at thy service, awaiting thy call,
Let the waves and the plasm their portion begin
And you shall evolve a line without sin;
As free as the air,—intervening Above
Sulphurious fumes hide the Anchor of Love.

A new generation, unfolding their wings
May destruction escape of terrestrial things.
Dost know thy carnivora preying on Man
Too aggressive made him to live out his span?
With kinds are more gentle, domestic to grow,—
Given fruits that are cooling, like rivers to flow
Shall thy fountains of Life be cleansed for a "hope"!
With humanity born of sweet *Penelope*.

Seemeth distant the day—prodigious the task!—
What ample resources are thine, if ye ask.
Wan still, was her smile! till a rift in the clouds
Showed her germs had been spared, would furnish the crowds
Of beings she needed, to demonstrate worth
In the promise providing wings at their birth.
Only half reassured!—Nature gave but a tithe
Of her atoms possessed to larvae that writhe.

But her "*will* and *idea*" were bent on their flight;
What a marvelous Age now dawned on her sight!
This principle working proved more of her skill
And efforts continued, would th' universe fill.
Soon the Soul of the World was stirred with the thought
Of the *order* much nobler the Comforter taught;
After beautiful birds should follow the trend—
Ushered butterflies, bats, and *beasts* without end:

All wearing appendage to soar in the Sky,
More thankful—aspiring to Heaven on high.
Did Nature regret that experiment west—
Loosed a parasite swarm to torture the rest;
Fledged an army of insects to nip in the bud
For the sole satisfaction of sucking our blood?
Yes! harvest and Summer revealed at its close
Her fatal mistake when those vapors arose.

Repentant she sighs through the late autumn gale
Where barren and fruitless her trees tell the tale;
Knew *construction* her *forte* but wot not of this,—
Nor designed them to spoil her Eden of bliss.
Perpetuity lent, looks up in dismay
For a possible "change" may mark their decay;
Was that *tremor* a chill for wish unexpressed—
That the rigors of Winter would wipe out the pest?

"Confidentially told" by those on the way—
No intelligence lost where Nature has sway;
That *immortal* her seal —they also insist
Was affixed from that Day on all would exist.
So sadly she mourned that her petulant mood
Brought a sorrowful train of *evil* with Good,
That *atonement* she sought, and found that the prize
Was not offered to *mortal*, though winged it *dies*.

On the Borderland stopped shades hover a while
To dispel in the mists that rise from the Isle!
Ne'er animal form can inherit Beyond—
With power to inflict those have broken th' bond;
Their season of torment is *now* and the here

Where visible vengeance has numbered the year.
Hail! deliverance comes when th' *ego* expands—
Spreading *Wings* of the *soul* joins the Angel bands.

. . . . .

Suppose 'twas a ruse—not Nature's mistake!
Was Wisdom of Mind, not a mythical fake;
To make *discontented* the *creature* so loth
To study with profit *queen* bee and the moth.
For the drones there's no use in the earthly hive!
This lesson observed, shall communities thrive?
Here's example and principle worthy of note
For you! lost no time *interviewing* the *mote*.

NEW HYMN OF THE REPUBLIC.

There's a hope in ev'ry heart born to brighter destiny
Where our banners flying tell the story,
How three millions people rose, proving their equality
Floods this proud America with glory.
Chorus—
Then strike for her altars!—her honor and her pride!
Call up the spirit banished, of patriots who died;
Ere the hope of human breast springs eternal in the west,
Passeth like the trail of flaming meteor.

There's a flashing of the eye! note th' brainy men of toil
Claiming independence for their birth-right,

Pray no royal caste or privilege be rooted in our soil,
From a tyrant wrested by the Infinite.
Chorus—
'Then strike for those altars! for liberty and God!
Awake the echoes hiding! in th' path our fathers trod;
Introducing high degrees at the court of "common pleas,"
Making traitors bite the dust, tomorrow.

'There's a "mark" on ev'ry forehead where truth has entered in,
'Throwing down the battlements of bigotry
Has supported party rule with its premium on sin,
Rearing home palatial mocks your poverty.
Chorus—
'Then strike for her altars! for purity and Love!
For mothers of the Nation, breathe blessings from above;
For the pow'r that lit the bush nerves the arm was made to push,
Parting the sullen sea of slavery.

'There's a beacon on th' hilltop! a Hero on his horse!
Waiting to spread the joyful tidings,
When our ranks united stand, feel th' conscious swelling force
Helping *labor* man the hosts dividing.
Chorus—
'Then strike for his altars! usurped in *mammon's* day!
For *articles* amending, restores the people's sway;
He has moved the world along, he can stamp out cruel wrong!
May with might and mercy march triumphant.

Ah! that sign upon the door-post! shall vengeance dare profane?
Bringing "restitution" for the sorrow
Has been springled with the life blood of innocent and slain,—
Signals faith and freedom for "tomorrow."

Chorus—
Then strike for those altars! for brotherhood and right!
Be ready at the dawning! to rally for the fight;
Now the trumpet sounds afar! and the blazing Morning Star
Lights up the brow will lead to victory.
Tune—"Shouting the Battle Cry of Freedom."

CROSSING THE BRIDGE.

There are dramas enacting around us each day
Seeming quite common place with others for actors,
Many more being played, are much farther away
Would not so disgust were we only the factors;
Some, the more sympathetic may fill with forebode—
At the possible prospect of posing therein;
Are we never to learn at what turn of the road
We'll be crossing the bridge into region of sin?

Regulations and rules, are a network to cramp us,
Overstepping their bounds we are plunged in despair!
Some casual speech to the cynic may stamp us
With the sting of retort or the freezing cold stare;
But still "hearts courageous," beating steady for truth
Wear an armor complete—turning javelins aside;
And it surely will friends find in highway of youth—
Who are crossing same bridge, sweet Hope for their guide.

In vast aggregation, one maxim worth noting:
Is that one of dictation "Do the hardest sums first;"
I know a young housekeeper frequently quoting—
When you're washing up dishes begin with the worst;
And she's finely accomplished in music and art,
Elocution and culture her natural forte.
Would she deem it wise logic applied to this chart?
To attempt the worst *bridge* ere you walk with support.

Countless thousands are they—did anticipate her!
All my life have been aiming this feat to perform;
In arithmetic worked,—poor scholarship later—
Though the Potter gave planning and prayer to its form.
During travel, one day, unto "Emmaus bound"
One did join us expounding a much shorter way,
With companion—then turning, in village soon found
We had crossed over bridge where the longer route lay.

Who goeth a warfare, whosoever takes "wings"!
He mayhap reacheth end without the soul's dower;
Over brooks we may step,—what impassable things
Seem the small, flowing streams, till in latticed bower:
Looms the dead, fallen tree! that friendly old plank—
And the foot-prints that lead to formidable brink;
Showing "Hill" country left, we have entered the flank
Of a plain where the flood must be bridged or we sink.

Coming down from the mountain of "Sorrow" we reach
That wiser conclusion: to set every stake
For the compass of journey before us may teach—
Here, the senses enthroned, is our greatest mistake;
While our hearts may be right, if the head is at fault!

One may "sow to the wind" and be trusting his eyes
For reward as he goes; even "you and I" halt—
Fall exhausted and prone on the Bridge of Sighs.

Looking back o'er the trail of sad longings have trod:
Only objects discerned in the gloaming affrights!
Are the charges reminding—'twas Hand of our God
Has been shaping our course, doth attend through the night.
See at last,—happy home is not given to keep
Our affections all centered on matter and gain;
Just a station to pass! bearing onward must sweep—
Cross the Bridge Re-incarnate in earthly again.

And appalled at idea if energies flag!
If we're sleepless and sighing for that "might have been;"
But we cannot camp always with those who *will* lag
When the voices are telling, you've a *prize* to win.
Here our stay is too short to spend it in weeping—
Too brief to court trouble; creatures balking will see
Naught beyond the lone bridge for chasm its leaping;—
Yet I would that *another* had crossed it with *me!*

She—who watched by my bedside when death hovered near!
By her presence and care then prevented my flight;
He, who feared, his four tots with no mother—must rear;
Was unthankful or thoughtless she lived for the light
Of a fuller Xray, to illume the expanse—
Rich in boundless love nature;—held each little midge
In expectancy ran, helter skelter, perchance!
Papa said, "I heard Grandmamma crossing the bridge."

Could they not make a guess who had skipped on ahead?
May that order prevail in Arcanum's last call?

It was their baby uncle, monotony dread—
Would be chasing with chickens and calves to their stall.
Never utters complaint about country of blights!
"We're too far into it" spoke in solemn relief;
'Tis the very same text—Revelator still cites
"Come out, oh, my people!"—cross the bridge of *Belief.*

There are times in these lives when our destinies hang
On events of a day or the thread of an hour;
Proposing, surmising, here we often shall "gang—
Quite aglee" if opposed by the higher Power.
Only when we're in line with the straws, that for some
Point the path non-resistance enables to do;
Hear our good angel whisper, "Take things as they come"—
Crossing bridge of Decision, we'll carry you through!"

Oft memories pages—too swiftly unrolling,
Put me back with a jerk to that dim, winding road!
Now obliterated, by seasons are bowling
Right along with their change and the newer *code*:
Which must there interpose—marking struggles that lost
Us possession of farm—to the strangers, who ken
Scarcely more of that *bridge,* what its elegy cost,
Than they do of the *feet* have *crossed* it since then.

KITTY'S ADOPTION.

Once the horse and th' hound chased fox thro' the fen!
Their master—bold hider, dispatching with glee
Won the praise and the pride of a name with men,
Did to cruelty dedicate lane and lea.
Scarce nobler the sport scores our nation's disgrace—
Where the prize is purse. Pressing hard to the goal
Will the winner reward steaming steed for the pace?—
May with fortune acquaint giving jockey his role.

Should our homily hit other heads in the row—
Are skulking, and dodging like reds in the wood,—
'Tis thus the world over, true story we know
Undeserving will pay for the merits of good.
Accordingly,—I might the medal here wear:—
For the manner of telling how pussy must part
With her family loved, leaving none to her care
Till *adoption* appealed to her motherly heart.

But this tale has no taint of a dark, wicked plot
To invade her retreat while she tarried anon,
Sweeter morsel to cull in some lone, hidden spot
For those little white puff-balls, she doted upon.
The first time I saw them,—too cunning to slay—
Beseeching her gaze straight into my face,
Said perfectly plain, "don't take them away"
For protection, drawn gently in trembling embrace.

Set with finishing touch,—her meow! meow!
Meant in human expression, aren't they cute?

When, assuring, I patted her grey, mottled brow
Snugly sung to their sleep, three nestlings mute.
Such a welcome event on that lonely tree-claim
Proved a source of delight to my romping troop,
And the basement abandoned by th' country dame—
Seemed a safer selection for th' furry group.

There playful they thrived thro' the late autumn days
Till we thoughtless grew of their poor, little lives,
For the greater concern of cold winter dismays:
As we figure "how many were going to St. Ives:"
With problems vexatious, came shortage of flour—
Nice pussy a regular pensioner there,
While monotonous weeks dragged slowly, till our
Attention was caught by her downcast air.

Then, wondered we aught had befallen those kits!—
Quickly followed her lead to their cheerless abode,
What a pitiful sight!—her distracted wits!
Marking kitty's behavior in sad spisode.
Stiff and stark! they would never awake to her call!
Though she fondled and coaxed in agony dumb;
And it smote our hearts sore, that the sorrowful pall
Of death and distress to the faithful had come.

Soon we carried away and covered from view
The forms unresponsive to tender caress,
In closer companionship—hoped to renew
Tabby's old-time self with a daintier mess.
Now, our favorite turning affections to us
Sought an entrance always in the wee small hours,
Bundled down in the bed with my babies would fuss—
To see who should hold with their pleasing powers.

In the room, I appeared to settle dispute,
  One morning when girlie —the tiny one cried.
Saw the velvety paw of that pussy, astute—
  Softly stroking the cheek that blooms for a bride.
Wiping *tears* as they fell, yet in earthly cast!
  Shall a happier state be accorded her still?
Where the billows of snow and the blizzard's blast—
  High carnival herald with th' elements chill.

There the spring ushered in by the lark's merry flute—
  May entice to the garden spot, busy house-wife;—
Trims the box alder bough with her sunny salute
  As the months march along, to the drum and fife!
Of Nature harmonious, coming in green—
  Rosy-lipped and fresh from her slumbrous tomb;
Then, rejoicing to live, are industrious seen
  Early wending their way to her silent loom.

Machinery ready, with use for their worth,
  In the soil prepared by producer's own hand:
Are the seeds entrusted to old mother earth—
  Either sown broadcast or planted to stand.
In "great expectations" grown rich,—do you say?
  Why! brigandage of season and office combine
Every fruitage of toil to wrest from their sway,
  Or recoil on the middle-men filing in line.

How well is recovered, that scene from afar,
  As returning from task for the noontide meal:
I was panic-struck! at the *door* stood *ajar*
  Had tightly been *shut* for *security's* seal.
Bungalow tipped over! my ducklings might be
  Quite dead in the ruins, or food for the cat;—

Hasty glance there bestowed! surprising to see,
Was the prettiest *picture,* minus a *mat.*

Purring under the stove, serenely she lay—
Having seven gold dots all sprinkled around,
Cuddled in her white coat, downy ducks that day!
Proper path to unfolding love had found;
No more need I fear for my new-born chicks—
Learning no tiny thing would she ever molest;—
(Save the saucy mice, ne'er abiding their tricks;—)
And the birdies their souls in peace possessed.

For a saucer of milk she could ask in style
Well approved by the trainers of feline race,
Many other smart thoughts evidencing the while;—
Methinks this denoument not out of place:
Which in brief relates, harsh fatality met
This intelligent cat when we bargained the farm,
'Twas the pest of her life, persecuted our pet!
With snarling and barking accomplished her harm.

Whether "doggies will howl" in the heavenly home
Is a subject of jest to the average mind,
But the question arrests me wherever I roam,—
What the Store-house of God hath left for her kind.
As the years and the shades at the fireside fell
Did their dying embers mine answer conceal!—
'Till the last leaping flame strove with tongues to tell
What the Spirits moved o'er the waters reveal:
Nothing gambled nor lost in economy quaint,
Where an "Equalization Board" sitting, holds
Sweet justice alike for the sinner and saint,—
For such *mother-love* sent to mortal molds.

THE MEN WITH THE HOSE.

What's the profile of heroes—their making a dream!
In diplomacy's reign brings peaceful regime
As the commonest lot individuals share,
That stranger at wicket the least of our care.
All secure in our homes! where authority long
Takes public expression to palliate wrong.
Aborigines tamed, either settler or shirk!
Neither "Cossack" to dread nor ravishing Turk.

Who now hears a rumor of barbarous host?
Of regiments marching, might menace the most,
The last one to threaten, permitted to pass
Was dispersed with the shout, "Ho! keep off the grass."
Thus departed each fright that once had its day,
Good and honest intentions seem holding their sway
Till the sign of the dollar grows red in the sky,
And the worst of all foes shows his "evil eye."

But, with implements modern, our lord of the land
Flings fear to the wind, never *hoe* in his hand;
'Tis a thing of the past! yet a ghost of the *truth*
Will haunt and confront him, "dumb terror," forsooth!
It camps on his trail when debts multiply,
Should misfortune attend, no earnings laid by
He is crushed under new nether stone was devised,
Till at last in despair a sale's advertised.

Now, identity lost in the civic concern,
He soon brushes elbow with brothers to learn
How the latest of horrors are stalking more bold,
While they manfully grapple with problems of old.
Generations of heroes live in their brains!
The blood of the Bonapartes flows in their veins;
Though they're doing their best in the battle that grows!
They must take off their hats to the *men* with the *hose.*

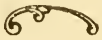
Beyond computation!—such service to man;
Why!—the fate of the universe hangs on Dan.
He's the ready, the brave, with caparisoned steed
To the rescue will fly, ne'er a parley with greed.
Wilder note of alarm rings imperative haste!
On rushes the chief with his engine has chased
From the track ev'ry trace of traffic and trade,
Like him who was "monarch of all he surveyed."

Do they hazard in vain for humanity's need?
Or imperil for aye, precious life indeed?
Ah! here comes a hero!—a lover, and one,
Leaves a woman to wail for husband or son.
What are chances of grandees compared to this trust?
What the tardy success returns to the dust?
What the mead of mad praise—principalities' gain?
Their mitre and crown into nothingness wane!

May they yet be too late? Oh! th' weight of the thought;
Shall its meaning in loss be mirrored for naught?
Are the flames soaring heavenward, crackling and fierce—
But the "demons" unloosed? Do in mockery pierce
Those agonized beings stand homeless this hour!

Or a funeral *pyre* behold in their power.
Should the smouldering ruins hold sweetest desires
God pity! that no one could put out the fires.

Without, they are raging!—within they consume!—
Canst thou say? whence ignited! for th' fatal gloom
Of that "outer darkness" sets blacker with pall,
For the fitful flashing of the *sparks* that *"fall."*
Is the microcosm, only heir to this ill?
Did the whole Macrocosm give signs with a chill?
When the scroll of our "heavens" departs with its *flight*
Who will put out the *fires* of Eternal Night?



VOICES OF THE PAST.

Driven far from their homes to distinguished grave,
Far away from the haunts nature's habits gave—
Fled a bold, rugged band to the fastness weird
In the depths of Wales, for the "Lion" cleared.
Ampitheater, grand!—in the solid rock
Made a strong defense for the sturdy flock;
And stirring their hearts as they loyally knelt
Was resolve to die with their royal Celt.
For freedom!—brave Alwynn had taken his stand!
There drenched with their blood was the ill-fated land,
But the spirit of Liberty sunk in the soil—
Sprung anew in the breast, was born to toil;

Falling then under yoke of the motley array
Coming Saxon and Dane, first in foreign sway,
Starving these in the mountain spur so wild—
No pity for wounded,—for woman or child.
'Twas a later influx, seemed early destined,
Wore their morals debased and manners refined,
Set the heel of oppressor firmly on neck
Of all predecessors, foe could not check.
Oh, conflict!—oh, conquest!—ye warring winds!
How dark is thy record when rapine begins
With the foot of intruder unlawful to tread,
Landmarks to wipe out, and their sacred dead.
Passing these unsung, that invincible race
Colonized by the conqueror, left its trace
Of rare independence and thriftier zeal—
Could never toward tyrants servility feel;
By their frequent uprising and struggles for right
Drew at last combined an army of might,
Signalized a victory, seasoned with sales
Seated with a high hand the Prince of Wales,
"Heir apparent" held title to th' greater throne,
Ruled with right called "divine" this empire, his own.
What a large kindergarten! for kings, you know,
At a World's wide Fair foolish presents may show.
Fine ladies and lords, educated that way
Thought the many should work that they might play;
Rearing "captains of industry," all full soon
Norman methods revised under older moon.
How brutal *regime* made the principle pay,
How conspirators thrived, we shall not say;
'Tis enough that the princes of this native line

First a sea-faring breasted Atlantic brine;
Sent their youthful sons, proud nobility's flow'r
On the broad ocean's main for fortune's dower.
Went a sailing, and sailing; were ship-wrecked oft—
But, with nautical skill each danger scoffed.
Thus, surviving the storm, says the ancient lore,
Saw Labrador's steppes, then a smiling shore:
Their kinsman brought hither, by tribute depressed
New homes would go seeking where no man possessed.
There wanderers called to a continent cold
In the latitude swept by an icy fold,
Was their history lost in th' centuries sped?
Did the lonely and lorn, aborigines wed?
Why that New-found-land gladdened mariner's eyes
Who landed with Cabot, need no one surprise;
While our wonder increases with all of these years
The Welchman's own tongue there greeted his ears.
A remnant preserved in mysterious way,
That it should appear in this marvelous day—
How the God of the Druids, in darkness dense
For a "light in the window" led people thence.
Raised friends from the sod for those scions subdued
Gave the best of their brawn, with a mind imbued
Craved wide spreading acres of fields to expand,
Which they never should know in the mother-land.
Owning little or much, removed from its strife
Taking chances to live out their own simple life;
Borne along with the tide broke the tenderest ties
And cords for the debtor where Oglethorpe lies.
Arm in arm, Enterprise and Adventure knocked!
Opportunity's door was as yet unlocked,

When a certain sea captain, following wake
Of trade and discovery traversed the Lake—
Completing the chain of our great water course,
Taps America's mines in her copper source.
There something inviting to that distant shore,
No more he returned to the cabin of yore.
Loving life and the breeze, on the billow tossed
Fearing nothing but calm and augmented cost,
While they lazily drifted with loosening sails
Far off from the trail and the docks of Wales;
Still he surely prized more the wife, was no shrew,
With her love-lighted face, more endearing grew.
Destination was then th' principal thing;
Now, its killing time! or with bird on the wing
Enjoying the trip has been shortened by steam,
Where a few work the passage, and th' many dream.
Such a different scheme from faint retrospect!
But, desirable change, which we all expect
In the future to try, though at present we chase
Golden hopes on the land has no "ship of space."
Some decided influence for safer pursuits,
Now governed the sire who grafted the shoots
Of a parent stock would be pioneers strong,
In the wise commonwealth must condone no wrong.
And his name thus descending to branch I knew
Fell to one,—nature's nobleman, grandly true;
While here manifested by low, gentle tones
In Heaven wrote "Richard" along with Paul Jones.
Never beckoned to fame! for a peaceful reign
Turned his aspiration to'ard "public domain"
To the subjugation of the sandy waste;

O'er the prairies with "schooner" oh! must he haste.
None too speedy were they, for the *door* shut fast
In the grip of finance with the seventies past,
Scarce lessened the failures and unemployed force
Brought increasing "hard times" and bills of divorce.
But, a rolling half section in Knox he filed
Near the great river's bend; there from friends exiled,
Did the couple well mated in hardships heed
That Truth is the lamp will guide us indeed.
Plucky, patient and frugal! all this and more
As they slowly added to their stock and store;
Improving their farm, planting furrow and tree
Sharing labor and love —was their children, three.
Yet, a dark day came, when the sun couldn't shine
Thro' the gathering clouds hid the Hand Divine;
There thankful, they still, that the cottage held four
When the pride of the parish passed on before.
Her request they remembered, that roses sweet
Should bloom at her head and others complete;
Just as she would have done, hadst tarried below
Till her cheerful "mamma" joined the cortege slow.
Now there's one pretty spot, the dearest on earth
Has been hallowed with tears for her first in birth;
Yet a *light* in his *darkness* chaste Libbie was sent
To lead *papa Home*, 'scaped the cold death sweat.
Ever faithful, considerate, tender, mild;
Transmitted are virtues—from parent to child?
His example the pattern and household word,
It was harmony seen, and felt, and heard.
In the circle beloved, and esteemed by all
Always ready was he for the Master's call;

How ruled he so well his city was given?
Shall a principality be his in heaven?
Oh! the world is much poorer! his post ne'er filled!
One among ten thousand, so righteous willed.
We trust that the hosts angelic have gained,
Yet, wonder experience he attained. * * *
May we now understand, why timid Norline
Ere the ripening role recognized a queen?
Loved the modest, self-polished play-fellow she sought,
Pure language, ideals, and ethics taught.
Never dreaming their paths had crossed in the wood,
Where the raven tress of "Rebecca the good"
Enveloped a brow played the deathless part—
Of saving a life for the Nation's start.
Now, Alwynn! the fiery!—of Druids, "the *last*"—
Legendary we missed, when Charles Dickens cast
His mightier pen with the sword he condemns,
To take his last cruise from the port of Thames;—
There'll be something to do, for the soul of thee!
Wrapt in reveries swept by the finer key
Must awaken to genius, and think on the wrongs
Chilling hearts till the lips can chant no songs.
Perhaps, it will simply be pulling down *wires*
Bars the people from justice, bequeathed by sires;
And a pupil so apt on the snow-covered hill
For the progress of *woman* should level them still.
More sweetly solemn,—the duty then laid
On his shoulders, who stood at the grave new-made,
While between "two worlds," sits divided, to wait!
The mother who cherished and blest his estate.
By the same love planned,—executing in joy

Her far better house; where no painful alloy
Shall e'er enter into its heavenly bliss,—
Oh! that beautiful Realm! rewarding for this:
After all is so pleasant, on treasury's isle
With comforts and benisons coming the while,
Ordered with the green grove and the swelling note
Of the symphony sounds thro the lark's clear throat.
Must I leave them with memories clustering round?—
Were engendered for aye by the daughter's mound;—
When I fain would wrest from shy destiny's page
Some impression for Edith's maturer age.
Could you once believe it would be common-place?
For one shows such smiling, ineffable grace.
As I look,—there are hints of bright, happy days
Lights the misty veil with their violet rays.
Not a single shade holds of filial neglect;
Reviewing the scene questions quaint dialect
Of their Welch forefathers, who are almost forgot
Though the *flame* and the faith they revered are not.
Goes sailing with science, on th' vast Unknown
With *reason* has grasp on "Infinity's" throne;
Thus, gladly I hail! the impossible done
When the Nation's a *family* like this one.

WE SHALL GATHER THERE.

After many delays, calculations and stays
There was one selected of gusty March days;

Seemed more like her sister, cloudy April had kissed her
With sunshine and shower or managed to twist her,
In the shuffle of season quite out of reason;
This day taking flight to the beach was no treason
For I listened to sermon with my escort, Herman—
That son as sedate as the judge in his ermine.

Tucking under his arm did solicitous charm
Mother feebler growing, who felt some alarm:
When the wind played its pranks, rolled the breakers in ranks
Lashed the waters in fury, drove th' bathers to banks.
My first sight of ocean I enjoyed, though the notion
Is so prevalent there that tides in commotion
With a mist on their bosom which hides the horizon,
Spoils an outing for true California wise one.

Amateur finds delight would fastidious fright;
Looking out and around is considering height
Of the pier above ground, where the steamer in-bound
In safety deposits each party and pound;
Watches wonderful sailors independent of tailors,
That ducking and diving elude finny jailers,
The crest will go riding, overwhelmed by no tiding—
In the sea or the *air* make their home and abiding:

Lesson we have not learned if we're chiefly concerned
With the land of our birth, "adoption" unearned.
Tightly clasping the rail searching depths for a whale,
No partaker, find pleasing minutest detail.
Spying ship in the distance, still wishful insistence
It would happen our way for the sake of the instance;
Yet,—deciding the mixture—grandly eloquent picture!
Having Nature and God needs naught of the *fixture*.

Not forgetting through all 'twas response to the *call!*
Thankful transgression ended short of the "fall";
That desire of the heart—tongue nor pen could impart!
Gratified as result of the enemy's dart;
Craved no more innocence,—saw the sweet consonance
Of the storm on the waves fitting life's continence;
Blest the struggles and grieving helps in retrieving,
One glimpse of Pacific had set me achieving.

Who could visit the spot,—inconspicuous dot
On the coast of our country mapped with the plot:
Where experiments prove sane reforms on the move,—
That seed propagation, routed out of its groove;
Who, I say, hath confessed to a junket out west—
And slighted the bath-house, Long Beach with the best?
Such a cunning contrivance, to please when connivance
Of th' elements leave us no other reliance.

Just a stiching in time to embellish the rhyme!
To compare this retreat with the "refuge" for crime:
Which Hebrews' Commandant ordained for defendant
Whether guilty or *not*, from wrath fled despondent;
'Tis a pertinent truth, yet we waive it forsooth—
Our immediate want being rest in the booth;
There a fine place for practice is pool to attract us
Into plunge like the petrel, no foe to attack us.

Here the hours gliding by with regrets could not try
Happy stroll where the shells and the star-fish lie!
Near the deep, foaming brim took we, hastily, skim—
Left our foot-prints defacing its margin dim.
Contenting our present with hope that the crescent
Of a future moon would reward us quiescent;

That soft, gentle zephyr bringing calm with the vesper—
Thenceforward might soothe and attend us forever.

Clouds were clearing away, chased with brighter sun's ray
To smile on occasion, ere our homeward way
Was sought in returning, where the kettle was burning
And the meat would boil dry, the cook undiscerning.
"Sunset on the ocean," was missed for devotion
To the Son in his sport was a sum in proportion;
And I catch myself pledging where the workmen are dredging
I'll sit me down never a copper begrudging:

There's enough and to spare, shall depend on my share
To make its appearance before the last fair.
When another east gale fixes course with the "mail,"
That carried my Clara far off on the trail!
With the babe on her breast, little Donnie when dressed
The cutest, the dearest, world ever possessed,—
Since the days when my darlings caught trick of the starlings;
In unison, pray we, surcease from these partings.

Past reference to baby changes plans with a maybe:
That *one* will show Santa, with his auto, fallacy—
Of travel with reindeer to finish remainder
Of his specified term for serving the kinder.
Giving wings to the thought, wish the lots he has bought
Were included in district with danger is fraught;
For one Mount Jacinto couldn't make me jump into
Brier bushes and snow, to mar my memento.

Remembrance is busy setting type makes me dizzy
To think of the wealth of flowers in that hazy,
Moist, serene atmosphere—passing winter is drear,

Gives you summer and autumn throughout the whole year;
Offers fruit so delicious, could any malicious
Advise to refrain from a sojourn with precious—
"Baby mine" was not sorry the shears did not tarry;
Hair many times cut, still answers to "Harry":

Is my comfort, my joy, scarcely longer a boy!
Growing manly so fast prizes only one toy;
With it he goes whirling to Cheyenne, or Stirling,—
Will not stop ere his flag for *west* is unfurling.
"Never seen," quoth the mordant, is all the more 'portant
He should see Ocean Park with mother concordant.
In fancy we're joining the trio are coining
Their notes of good cheer, while I wait for the dawning.

We'll gather there surely our weather-vane truly
Has turned tow'rd the shore; guides procession that duly
Incorporates promise and faith with the premise
Of brother avoiding discourse on polemics;
Roy and Eddie will bravely, with sisters they gave me
Trim their sails for the trip I'm training for daily;—
Stowing trinkets in trunk, packing grips and a chunk
Of brown bread for *Goliah* in Jordan was sunk.

In next recitation will come alteration
Of the figures gone swimming, vote for vacation;
And the cipher'll count ten, sister Eva with pen
Endorsing her check with a flying "Amen."
Now this as I view it, is not "As you like it"—
Dear father, dear mother, and one—cannot name it;
Deferring your laughter for close of the chapter!
Won't Charlie *some day* let me be his captor?

WESTWARD.

"Unto a Land I Will Show Thee."

Is life uneventful? Don't feel resentful.
Is it finely related? Be not elated.
Circumstances perverse, could a change reimburse?
Do your plans meet fruition! Expect an omission.
Do you slumber at ease best of earth to appease?
Wants simple,—your shading hath naught of upbraiding;
Brimming nectar your lot, no power in your plot
Of contentment, entwining sting or repining.
Are friends grown austere, cupid's vows insincere!
Under mistletoe wed dost repent that you said?
Smile on with the gayest, remember thou mayest—
At a moment's warning board train in the morning.

To His temple for some shall He "suddenly come"
Whilst they're tenting on plains caught with glamour and gains,
At wayside dismounting—money-bags counting
Or motley pile guarding—unfoldment retarding.
Behest to the mountain, faith healing fountain,—
The Divine met in nature, once good nomenclature;
Whatever its guises *star* of *empire* rises
And *unrest* points estate toward the *Golden Gate!*
It may be persuasion marks the occasion,
Maybe a stranger thou rovest a ranger.
Peremptory *calling* obeyed saves the *falling*—
With possessions make haste get thee out o'er the waste!
Be forgetful thy past made "iconoclast,"

Forget towers tumbling, murky waters rumbling!
Him who bade *sacrifice* though the infant cries;
That "leap from the altar" when priestless did falter!

Take the lives defending!—God knoweth ending,
Wrought in firmament high, thy satellite nigh;
But pack ye no idol preparing for bridal!
For honeymoon westward . . depend not on *pass-word.*
Buy a genuine ticket, for "scalper" at wicket
Undetected in *time* costs you many a dime.
Leaving faces most dear, hope lendeth good cheer
That our loved gone before gladly greet at the door.
The route* not in question,—others suggestion
Is all potential in every essential.

From halls that arraign us, from battle-grounds famous—
From populous centers, country manors with renters:
Come a great avalanche swelling ranks from the ranch!
Much as rodants that farmed, Peter Piper had charmed.
Fields fertile deserting, lane and meadow skirting,
Flee the rigorous east with the "basin" it fleeced.
Rockies shunning, sweep onward if motto is "forward"
Through the state with its mines, mill and orchard combines—
Red granite and lignites, unparalleled birth-rights.
A visit disdaining—through tunnels remaining
Sesame opens wide on the southern "divide."

Through rich territories where the Toltec glories—
You pass to the "Needles" rock-ribbed by the creedals.
All well at the River, transition—saith Giver—
Undisputed by Me burden bearer on knee;

*Reminiscent of journey to California in 1904, via "Santa Fe" R. R.

Not fearful of loss trusting Him on the *cross!*
Over peaceful expanse—on suspension advance.
Should a furious storm leave *bridge* without form!
Ahead signal flashes, 'tis unsafe! he who dashes
Still recklessly on, life-preserver must don;—
On a more level plain seek for passage again.
Take the "Southern Pacific," banks less terrific—
Where elements kindly, permission give blindly.
Thus a circuitous *line* down the *streamlet* of *brine*
Sends you many hours *late* toward the Golden Gate.

That long, lonesome valley—here would you dally—
From track ever wander, or exchequer squander?
Just as fatal to halt near that river of Salt
Like the wife that defied might you be petrified.
If conducted along by steed that is strong
On a prosperous journey sped to "far country"—
Find the palms gaily waving hint the *date* trees saving.
But with "Engineer" brave, never flinch at the grave
Disheartening prospect of border decked;
Unsightly those hillocks, not a shrub for bullocks!
Not a visible sign could the human incline
To look for provision, or suspect a revision
Of baggage at Yuma; or troops Montezuma—
Once had stationed around for dreaded foe found
Avaricious withal, who embroidered his pall
While in friendship they fawned where Cordilleras yawned!

Are these sentinels standing lone in the fells—
With an arm akimbo like truants from "limbo"!
Do they watch o'er the mounds (soul-freedom for hounds!)
E'en with Banquo released when their tribe is deceased;

Doing penance perchance, for victims of lance—
On th' battle-field won dedicated to "Sun?"
Thorny cactus unveiled might the Spanish be "mailed!"
Were conquering heroes, fair sample of Neroes;
A scape-goat discerning must be for the burning
Of city, he'd pillage with surrounding village.—
Saw the Christian fine fiber to color the Tiber!
To cremate in his home by fanatic at Rome.
In religion's name! does escutcheon blame—
That pagan devotion had traversed blue ocean;—
Singing sad requiem when blood-shed for them
To *adventure* gave *fame* with a populace *tame.*

To greed are we debtor that conditions are better?
That a continent's spanned by railway so grand—
We can tap every source of its wealth in our course,
And select our own road to that future abode?
But the "Styx" with its shades 'mid those deep everglades!
Is the swift Colorado; when haunted by shadow
Of the *past* to distract us, we imagine those cactus
Hold the *souls* of the *lost* in eternity tossed,
Starting them in anew, giving something to do;
A guide-post reminding mistakes ever binding—
Are the thistle patch seeding, refractory needing
A constant resetting for sins they're abetting.

Disappointment—the goad, may furnish the mode
The vesture to fashion for unbridled passion.
Will the Gardener choose, never blemish excuse—
To faults in extension fit mammoth dimension?
Ah! unwise to survey?—explanations delay;—
You are loth to descant on the ghost of the plant;

You would now stem the current nor heed a deterrent;
Speed slackening on sand at the margin we land:
Here the stop being brief, close our eyes in belief!
Though we're troubled for breath in that stillness of death
And are scarcely aware of our flight in the air;
Conjecture nor fearing, aught's wrong with the gearing.

Were you conscious of "change" in the widening range?
Didst sense situation—hear vast elevation
Above river flowing unto the gulf going?
Did conditions then take your attention from lake?—
Drained dry in upheaval, still considered evil,
Report says is lower than sea-level.—Slower,
Still train moving forward, may discover off nor'ward
The evidence later, what happened when crater
Belched forth in its vent as internal fires rent,
Repeating the fable "cleansed Augean stable."

This marvelous canyon—depicted by Bunyan
As the flood from the "Throne" could for wicked atone,—
Helped the Pilgrims' Progress, providing an egress
For "brimstone" solution with ancient pollution.
Purifying, its length is a freshet of strength
For soil that's depleted, if carefully meted.
Olden obstacle gone, burning lake* that so long
The trav'ler affrighted;—whilst revellers slighted
Admonition to learn of the Master's concern:
Upper "road" leading straight to the Golden Gate.

*A reference to the Salton Sea of Eastern California, again filling up since this inference of its correspondence to the Scriptural Lake of "Revelation." Its unusual rise significant of the further work to be accomplished by "Grace."—Author.

"On the heights" (with your wraps*) kept in snow-covered
That laborious *trail* to reward would not fail; [caps,—
But so few ever sought Loving Mercy, in thought—
Colorado, one day, sent He wending its way.
And its task is complete, Hercules leaving sweet!
Sulphurious region grows lichen in legion;
Pretty homes, on its brink, will arise ere you think
When stream deviating cools sands palpitating.

Are you struck with surprise that the silence implies:
That "Inferno" of Dante's was sunk with Atlantes?
In safety, pass hither, no ghoul asking whither!
Ascent gained by toiling, never enemy foiling
For wise occupation ends vile operation,
On the desert disbands all hostile brigands.
Is heat more oppressive? Do not be aggressive!
No explosive will thrive, just be glad you're alive!
How near destination? Bright expectation—
Pictures children who stand with a welcoming band.

Unfamiliar the scene at the window you lean;
Oh! loveliness stealing o'er vision with feeling!
Will exquisite delights soon repay for the nights
Of sorrow, or anguish, of pain that would vanquish—
When torment appeared with ferocity feared;
Oft clouding horizon with malarial poison

*Here the phrase "en rapport" well applies with its concealed cryptogram; and also revives the much mooted prophecy of the "Millerites" who scheduled the Coming of Christ—for the year of 1844,—the same strangely fulfilled in those "Rochester rappings," which with increasing and more intelligent phenomena, have astonished and convinced a Skeptic World of the Life Beyond, of continuous and progressive Soul-Consciousness across the grave; of the authenticity of our Scriptures and its Divine character as well as hidden import.—The Author.

The sunshine excluding, left one concluding:
Unconscious man reckons where oblivion beckons;
Boon—sweetest for weeping, remittance in sleeping
Of weights seldom lighten, or "comforter" brighten.

What rapturous sight shall now burst with the light?
Is Immortal beyond? Hath Eternity bond?
We have reached new divide, why! the higher we ride
More balmy the weather, more fragrant the heather.
A mist hides its beauty, an unfulfilled duty—
Bids me tarry till earned that my *works* be not burned;
In patience and trembling bide the *assembling*
When "hosannas" proclaim at the Wedding "new name."
Wanting gold that makes "rich" we'll arrive at the switch
For Los Angeles train, where the *peris* obtain
Gifts truer to offer than merits of scoffer—
Who tastes no contrition; who doubts that "perdition"
To his *own* bringeth each would sell or impeach
The Christ that hath taught him, the Crucified bought him.
His place in the Potter's Field, nor with guilt concealed!
Earthly lust sealed his *fate* not to enter the Gate.

Much experience here is required to clear
Brazen "image" from sky, early mote from the eye;
Is one so well gifted? Yet he must be sifted
Of mortal corruption ere th' final eruption;—
On a tropical bar likely gaze from afar!
Wait the beggar who died while he held in his pride
Crumbs Lazarus pleaded, his portion exceeded;
Cool draught he implores laves northerners' shores.
Here wishful he'd tried on *material* side
To examine the map for a path over "gap"!

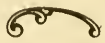
Love-ties yet unbroken, like Dives urge a token—
Advising dear brothers, strive harder for others.

"On Abraham's *bosom*" may heavenly balsam
Cure cords that are aching, touch tendrils awaking!
Of "ivy" that withered when th' frost-elf gathered
Her dewdrops adorning, ere stars of the morning—
Sang their peans of praise for the glorious days!
Were coming, yes, coming, full soon with the humming
Of wings in vibration, that bear inspiration
And heart of evangels to th' City of Angels.
Large enough Father's Breast that the weary find rest,
The buoyant find work too enobling to shirk!
The student, more wonders than Sinai's thunders;
All thy gnawing be stilled where th' Table is filled!

Room enough for each guest hopeful turns to the west
With grandeur so tempting, with breezes exempting
From sultry months summer inflicts on the drummer,—
Poorer artisan fined if he will lag behind.
How broad ocean swelling is ceaselessly telling:
Other pleasures are well, other treasures excel,
Than our limited spheres can attain in the years
That fly while we're longing, its distant shore thronging.

Had celestial to guide why not satisfied,
Where the "loved gone before" scatter smiles as of yore;
Richer petals to glean, heartsease set between—
Was indefinite space came with pardon by "Grace."
Precious missives received kept the mind relieved,
Which, fanning affection, proved with an exception
How truly they missed her, especially sister—

Not in circle when flown her good-bye said alone.
Thus—tides turning windward, drew back to the "vineyard"
Where twigs in profusion might bud with diffusion
Of th' spirit she'd shown, when in beautiful zone—
Understood that our *hates* shut us out from "The Gates!"



LEONITA.

A Romance of the Eastern Empire.

Leonita! I see thee, again, as of old
In a satin brocade near cith'ras of gold;
Thy fair "maids of honor" attending beside
Watch an amorous bard—woos thee for his bride.
Shall a Prince claim the hand of Parthian mould?
Would her scornful gaze welcome suitor more bold?
Then indeed shall he come, when Byzantium's throne
Lies open to woes by sychophants sown.

Christianized by her missions, lured by her wealth,
Taught by intrigues and political stealth—
Down the banks of disputed Danube they swarmed,
Dictating their terms with her batteries stormed:
For alliance and royal prerogative here
With his whole retinue, does their Leader appear;
In the Palace, ablaze, is revelry planned
While hangs in the balance the fate of the land.

And the despot was glad he'd two daughters, then;
Better hostage of peace than a ruler of men
To succeed in his House; proud Dynasty there
Trampled down by the heathen, looks not to her "heir";
In the lap of sweet luxury, petted and spoiled
Has effeminate grown with her Ministry foiled.
But the brave little Lioness—reckoned "a shrew"
Held the price of a kingdom and principles true.

With a spice of the fire—grandsires of the Zend
Bequeathed through that mother lamented the trend,
She sighed for a hero—her heart understood;
Had a thirst for adventure, mountain and wood.
Was it fortunate hour when her father invokes
The power of her beauty "gainst stalwart oaks;
As counsel he gives and command in a breath!
That hostilities end, and carnage of death?

Well screened from its horrors, in state they are met,
While the Emperor slyly secluded his "pet"
So affrighted and pale; why, deliberate!
Were the wiles of the daughter, must now captivate?
At the first mystic glance of those eyes unveiled
Her grace and naïve coquetry straight-way assailed;
His gallantry won, with the trappings of war
The place was designed by Destiny's "star."

So the compact is sealed ere tomorrow's sun!
Preparations proceeding till all is done;
Celebrated those nuptials—festive and gay—
To their forests grim "Cohorts" are turning away.
Danger lieth before,—the safety behind
Is not for the wedded in pleasure to find:

That peace she has purchased with liberty, dear!
To remember with longing for many a year.

Leonita! I see thee, bidding "adieu,"
To the fond mother sobbing her blessing on you;
Well dowered, you'll soon in the Cavalcade ride
Having many retainers to march at your side.
Will the Court be as merry, the Capital shine—
With the Orient's store in mercantile line?
While you, in your tent or improvised Hall
Learn the arts of a "hero" and path-way to Gaul.

Remoulded by Races—should south-ward detour,
Was the Lioness tamed by th' perils inure?
Esteemed by companion, is lot more complete?
Does she once think of lovers who fawned at her feet?
Tertullian gives but a glimpse of the End,
In Nature she found her chief solace and friend,
While some thing then stirring the founts of her deep
Taught her "faith 'tween the Nations" her portion to keep.

On the "Borders," the Goths marked the civilized world!
Held back the wild Hun,—the Slavonian hurled;
Yet, the pressure too great they're deserting the camp
All industrial ways, and start on the tramp;
Taking herds and accessories, needful to roam
With a few of the portables furnish a home;
Over hill, over dale, through Noricum bend—
To forage or ford, they hopefully wend.

Ever westward, their goal! breaking shackle and bond
Soon buried their past for a Future Beyond;
They mingle their blood with the "Heruli" flown

Ere they join the great "Exodus" seeking the Rhone.
Leaving ties bound our heroine tenderly, then—
Did she lay down her Life "to take it, again"—
In the vistas between that Morn, long ago!
And *re-birth* on the Sands where bright waters flow.

Where the Spaniard has set the seal of his tongue
Does she sport by the stream,—her spirit as young
And fresh for the contests of our newer Age,
Lets Freedom and Progress illumine the page;
Here Soul that is strong grasps the enemies' spears
Like Switzerland's champion, falls as he cheers:
"Make way for Liberty!"—Victorious died,—
For Conscience waged war against Austrian pride.

THE CRYSTAL CITY.

Oh! that beautiful City! what eye hath seen
Its towers and trees, its flowers and frieze?
All in crystal and white—no foliage green,—
Naught but radiant grass did the maiden pass;
Glowing colors belonged to earth's nearer spheres
Where she'd left petty care; grew pretty and fair,
In wonderment lost all her conscious years;
Like the driven snow,—thus, was given to know
Only spotless and pure will Wisdom endow
With Life everlasting. Who heeds it now?

Whether real or vision of the Realms above,
That comes with the night, has dissolved with the light
Of a physical sun, refracting the LOVE,
Clothed a mortal Void while Immortals toyed;—
Could I see forever, that imagry new,
As futurity rolls o'er purified souls!
Forgotten might be, the cruelty slew
My gay, artless self; gave to one heartless guelph!
The plough-share to strike under branches must bow,
The roots of the tree come to fruitage now.

Those soft, tender shoots! that were nature's first gift
With bright, springing flow'rs, came ringing the hours
Of their own death-knell; dandelions would drift —
Seeding whole orchard down, hide the orchids' crown.
So good their companionship seemed to the tree—
No enmity knew, nor a destiny true,
Hearing not that the early and "latter rains"
Must penetrate spot, held the Peri forgot.
There sorrowful, wistful, did th' cloud o'er her brow
Send the shower that saved and strengthens now?

To leafage and blossom erstwhile elected,
—Many killed by the frost or chilled at the cost
Of a harvest was late, and scarcely expected;
Had those weeds been spared, would the deeds ever dared
An expression to take or a form fulfilled?
Showing, quality tells and quantity sells
In a land where the birds are as likely to build
In a crab apple grove; or in maples, rove,—
As in choicest of nurseries, nations endow,
Presents you selections from Burbank's now!

Whatever conditions are needful for them
To satisfy wants, they will occupy haunts
By attraction or instinct guided to stem
Like unto their order in woodland or border.
Therefore did it happen in Providence's way —
Not slighted, this tree which was sighted to be
A home nest for four little warblers some day;
Whose exactions, though dear, made attachments to cheer,
Till she'd seldom a thought for that stirring plow,
Woke the sweet budding hopes held in bondage now.

Bringing back from the City, in speedy flight
By the "silver cord," o'er the river abhorred;
From the Dreamland appeared in glistening white,
Brought her spirit presiding to th' tree abiding:
Back again to remembrance of trust, reposed
And to nurture the birds with virtuous words;
From the sun, from the soil, having daily transposed
Her invisible store, to the visible, wore
The contour He designed,—and traits you'll allow
Must distinguish her sort in the World of Now.

Their play, education, and welfare always —
Engrossing her time, ne'er disposing to rhyme,
Had become second nature, prolonging their days
Of sojourn together, till the stormy weather.
Quite oft interested in creatures were mute
In the furrow and ground where the burrough went round,
But little attention was paid to her fruit—
—That mission neglected. Ah! some one detected
A change must be wrought ere the Winter!—but how?
Should the *"axe* at the *root* of the *tree"* fall now?

So charming that twitter with guests in the rye!
She learnt with emotion spite her devotion,
With the trend of affairs they'd certainly fly,
Leaving lonesome and sad—who would make her glad?
Such a stay-at-home, she, by habit had grown—
In summer vacation wooed "meditation,"—
That looking for pleasure when pets shall have flown
Saw those singular signs (not angular lines)
Were developing circles;—must puzzle, I trow!
Any head has no place for mechanics now.

Production her forte! was discovered ere long!
Many labors noting of her neighbors quoting;
Could she hope to compete in a race with the strong?
At the first inventory, beheld her glory!—
Surprised at the Truth by her branches revealed
Urged to endeavor, "better late than never"
To the inner stream of her life then appealed.
Caught the answering thrill, cease!—clammoring will!—
Just be still and grow!—turn your famishing bough
To the fresh, autumn rains, are descending now.

Vex not the Good Gardener delivered from blight!
'Tis all unavailing time's changes bewailing;
For His winged creatures careth, preserveth in flight
To the fig-tree and vines, Creator inclines.
Feeling thankful for grains that nourished the while,—
Not infrequently light and seized with affright,
At the fields getting bare. Why th' marvelous style
Of those options are planned, shut the prodigal hand;
Full cribs, elevators, e'en the clover, in mow!—
Nothing left for the birdies to gather now!

For a wider domain and a score of delights
Quite often they'd sighed and their pinions had tried—
Those innocents trusting each traveler excites,
Set the news to vibrating, "Our folks are migrating!"
'Tis "the way of the world" furnished tree's consolation
Bearing fruits of repentance, awaited her sentence.
What mystery this, clothes the "New Dispensation?
Finds the Peri transplanted to the palace enchanted
On a shore where her boat sways gently, with prow—
Seaward turning to waft from the Land of Now:

Finds inverted the tree, generations stood
Deeply rooted in earth! computed its birth,—
By the suns burnt out; by the monarch of wood;
By the accidents rolled over Occidents told:
Thus the Harvest is reaped in the Summer of Life
With cereal kinds yields siderial minds;
Reaching up to Divine, shall its soul in the strife
'Scape the ferule, the flail and the perils of Baal?
Through the power of the Angels recording each vow—
Grander vision receive of that City now?

INQUIRY.

Was it God raised the mount, whose treasures ye mined!
In the path where our wearisome footstep inclined?
Disappointing us sore when the prospect divined

Shut us out from its rest, with barriers lined.
Did God set the feet in diversified field?
Thy helping hand still for another's shield.

Was it Wisdom or Chance—gave only a draught
From the cup of delights, most eagerly quaffed
To its very dregs?—Is fulfillment the graft
"New thought" would achieve over demon that chaffed?
Was it mere train of accidents taught with a cuff?
Was it clearly co-incidence brought thee enough?

Oh! is it kind Mercy that measures success
Overflowing with joy, or a honeyed excess?
Mixes wormwood and gall for some in distress
Till soul in its patience they seldom possess!
Are grief and denials all ours for ill doing?
Could we conquer and keep, were we but knowing?

With the AUTHOR of good let me not conflict;
With vain swelling words let me never afflict!
Those Ears of high heaven have power to inflict
Stern judgment deserved—dare we contradict:
There's Infinite Justice can right Earthly wrong,
Has a strong hidden hand to help us along.

It is shaping events, for me, out of space;
Everywhere that I turn! shows a dear smiling face;
Bids me say to the mountain, "depart from this place"
No more to dispute my progression and race;
But, "a day at a time shall ye live and work!
For the shuttle moves slower each task that ye shirk."

When finished the fabric, for wedding robe milled;
Those wanderings o'er, all eternity willed;
When murmured adieus rend the heart, getting chilled!
No more to respond with voice that is stilled;
As her feet press the sands on the bright shining Main—
Whose helping hand, then, will mother sustain?

Shall her dearest departed with greetings appear:
To enfold in their arms and brush away tear —
Wells up from th' eyes, wept full many a year
For the Love that she missed, and loving ones near!
Shall she sleep in the bosom of unalloyed bliss?
Will they, knew her best, wake to Life with a kiss?

Or may she hear first—an orchestra grand?
Sent to welcome the stranger in sweet Beulah-land;
With glorified vision—enraptured to stand!
By forms that are new, till an Angel hand
Extended in helpfulness, offers a home—
With that Love over there, under beautiful Dome!

THE RAVEN'S LEAF.

At a World's Fair.

Did her botany class on September day
Once imagine surprise waiting for May?—
This pet was so pert her professor could tease:

L. of C.

More apt since attending the *Ball,* "Birdies";
Going "hipity hop" with anxious expect
Cuter kink to catch in their dialect.
Now merrily trilled as her basket filled
With leaves to her notion, bugs in commotion
At proclamation concerning the "fair."—

The "address" with a welcome was already said
When th' beetle arrived with a bump on his head;
His coach tipping over head-long with a whack!
Officious cricket with quirk in his back—
As a reason presaged, at assembly, he
Was th' personage should their delegate be.
Despite the rabble—'mid opponents scrabble,
An end to their cavil came when the gavel
Announced "your report" on the Birdies' Fair:

"The best item gathered, the only, you'd say
Was to this effect, amnesty—hey day!
By the feathered folks, is declared in their bill
This day presented—bearing codicil.
Repeat it all Bug-dom, free passes for aye!
On carriage no toll, exempt in your play;
If, (and there's the rub) you'll favor the grub
No longer inspect with a view to dissect:"
From the stump was chirruped edict for the Fair:

"Another proviso some couldn't make out—
Seemed th' choler to ruff of "bug" with the gout;
Too stylish, by odds, for that whole company
With great sack of gold, wouldn't look at me!
But they sized him aright, assigned to his station
With nuisances crammed to court ovation.

Now, we'll be immune from attack in 'commune'
When the birds ratify," ... ... and claws satisfy—
Which appropriate funds for the Birdies' Fair. . . .

"In th' orchard!—the poacher, near house-hold the pest!—
Should our bayonnets feel—from east to west;
To the desert betake you, maurauder bold,
Who contributes not to the family fold.
In the cosmic order, Man's timing his train
To aid, not destroy, approach to his plane.
Such economy here, finds a broader sphere
This sunny weather than staining the heather
With blood of the helpless," quoth stork at the Fair:

"My taste grown æsthetic—I'd early eschew
The carcass that's now available stew.
We stalk in advance of carnivora blind
And eat what's donated by kindred mind;
No hand raised against us "our mutual friend"
In the door-way bars evolution's trend;—
And we pine for release, manslaughter—to cease."*
Let human step higher that brute may aspire!
Sang the "symphony concert" at Birdies' Fair.

. . . 'Tis no violation of natural law,
That bugs should discourse, when the crow's caw, caw!
Has a hearing in literature, extolled
By scholars translating those parchments old:
Their hieroglyphs gave short-hand credential
From mummy insured without "prudential."
But baffled, they all, by that leaf with a scrawl!

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* See Job of the Bible, "Janus" of Mythology,—also the Riddle of the Sphynx, for solution.—Ed.

Found in May's collection, sent by selection
With curios wanted for the coming "Fair."

Was it trick or delusion, freak of the wind?
Was't papyrus shrivelled or a lucky find
Of leaf mutilated, mysterious bird
In hasty flight lost at the roll-call heard?
Bidding up, and away—leaving diary closed!
With piteous plaint for nestlings exposed
To the Arctic whistle. Was queer epistle—
Fore-runner of series trusting her dearies
To care organizing the Birdies' Fair?

This inquisitive maid—determined to learn!—
From child-hood evinced original turn.
A happy thought drew her to their daily haunts
A column to con from the songsters wants.
With her book half open, entertained she sat
And list to their chatter of "this and that;"
Caught the blue-jay's twitter, "why do we fritter
So much time in dancing or silly prancing;
What's the matter with us having this Fair?"

"Most preposterous thing that I ever knew"—
Said the chronic croaker who idly blew
His insideous note of calamity there,
Should rural tribes tamper with rustic fare;
Trim platter "contentment" with spicy conceits
Add th' poisonous cup of forbidden sweets.
They'd next take to reading, insane proceeding!—
Not to be indulged till riddle's divulged;
Would the "Sphinx" lend honor to the Birdies' Fair?

Oratorical burst died to a mumble:
Of parrot preferred to neighbors humble;
To her as the starling sent talents more bright
With plumage more gay, it didn't seem right.
But contagion was missed in discussion waxed—
Warmer yet till the speaker awoke they taxed
With habit seen lazy,—some hinted "crazy."
"At evening session I'll lead the procession
With mysteries gleaned at night for the Fair."

So prodigiously wise!—he'd secretive been,
Had set the ball rolling world treats to win;
Moved and adopted, parliamentary style
An effort, they'd hazard, for things worth while;
Their astonishment grown at news on the wing—
That people "humane" furnished death "no sting";
And they asked in dismay, "Is it wrong to prey
On little bugs, minding their busy way—winding
Toward staircase builded for the Birdies' Fair?"

If discriminating—our powers would be
Engaged to discern, how different—key,
Unlocking the "Stores of Infinity" held
Accessible, strictly, to pair expelled.
Paradisacal joys not offered to save!—
Adam's willing subjects, his speechless slave?
Mark! obedience gains, where Omniscience reigns,—
'Tis unruly that "falls" into lower stalls.
May wondered what date was set for the Fair:

For proper distinction might then, she decides,—
Be reached for her relic, a hair divides.
Was the conference over?—adjourned with a rush—

By a falcon fierce swooping down to crush
An innocent life, in his talons so strong.
"Ah! soliloquized May, grievously long!
Have we bowed to fear, kissing scepter severe;
Will the God of Love! soon send from Above—
A quiver and arrows, for the Birdies' Fair?"

. . . Wouldst defensive stand try weapon conviction!
Whet "two-edged sword" truth stranger than fiction,
To right and to left lay phalanx of error
In the dust, recreant wizards of terror.
Hail, promoters of good!—advertisements cooed,
Invitations broadcast o'er meadow and wood!—
Make a glowing success of project to bless
"Creation trevailing," ever more wailing!
For freedom with "change" denied till the Fair.

No improvement in "nests," dress, toilet or sense;
To this conclusion pride spares no expense.
Most delectable soup *Polly prics* into first,—
May pilfer, prevaricate, proudly pursed;
Of privileged beings, on pinnacle put—
By society lifting its cloven foot
From the neck of oppressed. Count reason—possessed
By each gradation, fits their education
When morals take lead planning Birdies' Fair."

So we'll not dispair the "enigma" to seize:
Who traced those lines floating down on the breeze;
If church and school faculty can't head the van—
Will impress more medial means, that can.
Shall investigate writings howe'er they come!
Whether herald by trumpet, pick or drum.

To the Spirit of Light that's guiding aright!
To "silence" that broods—we'll commit what intrudes,
On the border "marks time" till "Morn of the Fair."

While the soldier faithfully follows his beat!
For welfare of camp must never retreat;
The lone shadow questions, flits timidly by—
In the "outer darkness" is enemy nigh?
Thus—dense from the dim, courts corroboration
Of hazy "facts" that defy observation.
This specific puzzle doth so befuzzle!
We pass to the nation by re-incarnation
Breeding "oracle" trained for the Birdies' Fair.

Just think of his lineage beyond the foam,
Most sacred of birds* in Egyptian home;
Whose virtues, found rare, few religions despise—
Ashes and rites drape in worshipful lies.
While custom, philosophy, knowledge and arts!
Incongruous mixture—language imparts;
Where cats better housed than Mary—espoused,
The curly black spaniel fed richer than Daniel,—
Proteges prepared "pony shows" and the Fair.

And the bird, well equipped with quills for the deed,
Saw th' practical part, posterity's need;
As centuries flew—in nocturnal visit†
On the "bust of Pallas" saw how exquisite!

*A reference to the Sacred bird of ancient Egypt—the Ibis, its occult meaning preserved in singular but interesting "archanes."—Editor.

†See, Poe's "Raven."

His pictures preserved; pen and brush combining
With "dove" and the "ark" and animals climbing;
Symbolized in a breath progress through death!
That "raven" o'er waste, ill omen had paced—
In his beak brought the *Leaf* to the Birdies' Fair.

Could in his "psalm of life" correspond with these!
Use characters, types and essence of trees;
Mating green "olive leaf" gentle dove secured
With one *autumn* colored, bore *sign* assured.
No "echoless shore" wafts Platonian rune,
You can cage the bird but cannot its tune;
May th' soul in its flight mount ebony Night—
On waves ether-blown, lightly laden ozone!
With sweet cadence rising to Realms of the Fair?

Gracing paler side—twixt the veins relieved
Of sap, ere it fell, heart of trunk received,—
Was inscription engraved by an "unknown" Hand
Which sorrow expressed for snares in our land.
"Thine altars uncleansed must vials call down
Of wrath and destruction,"—Like "Patterson town"—
Hides hawk in high places, His image erases,
While "eagles" enthuse do the vampire excuse;
Please will they fly shy of the Birdies—fair?

There was more to decipher on strange leaf seamed,
Some-what of geology nature reamed;
Some-what of the stars, forces, elements bound!
But more of the spirit, place no more found
For earth that "has fled" when twenty-two days—
As so many thousand, ends years—in a blaze.
Then some one's attention was struck with the mention,

What becomes of birdlings if selfish worldlings
Have monopolized seats ere the "Morning," fair?

Wont there gallery be round the "great White Throne"!
Or a nook reserved from the baritone,
For warblers returning with talent in fee—
Chanticlere of His praise o'er the turbid sea?
Will the men with five talents apply just one
To the clearance of tangles in path-way spun
By th' shy tarantula? As vain Caligula—
"Little boots" wearing, mothers' fledgelings tearing!—
Who supposed they might *walk* to the *Birdies'* Fair.

A PART OF ONE.

Dear a me! what's the trouble? I seem out of tune,
When the Winter's so gay wearing garlands of June—
He has stolen of Summer and cheated the Spring,
In her chief occupation—green leafage to bring;
While the budding of trees, the bursting of seeds
Are delayed, spends her time in nursing the weeds,
Has one of them fastened its fibers in heart—
Is sighing and pining for th' limitless part?
Where the flowers are bedecking fronds for the May
Why can't I be glad with all Nature, today?
How can I forget those unnatural woes
That beset us when Satan can lead on our foes?

Though some one's in sorrow,
I'm told not to borrow
A care for to-morrow;
But the clouds have advanced excluding the Sun!—
The rain falls in torrents.—
Now an abhorrence,
Bringing death warrants—
To home and the hearth or the hopes of some one;
And I know I'm a part of that one, that very one.

Dear a me! how I shivered, at every sharp blast
Swept down from the North when old Boreas passed,
As he shrieked in delight—piling up the snow flakes
Over casement and path, cattle sheds and the stakes,
Where helpless, dumb creatures must suffer and bide—
In discomforts, uncheered by friend at the side.
There impassable roads kept us buried alive,
Well provided with fuel, some managed to thrive;—
Having "over production" of corn in the bin
(Sent the market too low to convert into gin,)
We have builded the lovliest fire ever known
To chase away chills and recover our tone.

Now, coal famines planned!
Wood—short on demand
And no gas at hand,—
Oh, how many are cold! since monopolies won;
Some body was colder!
Grew feeble or older;
Leave *it* to moulder,—
While the Soul finds its part with Immortal ONE;
And our hearts tell us, we are a part of each *one*.

Oh, dear! how we've hated unruly equations!
Such queer transpositions, we sought for evasions;
Where fasting and stuffing are contrary factors--
We can't equalize them with our present actors;
There's the physical, pychical, moral and mind,—
What a jumble of terms for proportion alligned:
Who copies the statements of Teacher revered,
Finds the first unknown quantity—X—has appeared;
Simple cross. 'twas ordained a most wonderful key!
Will the problem unlock with quotients for thee;—
So divinely to live—all unknown to obtain!
Through "The Spirit" that—X—Y—and Z— to attain.

How many the measures!
Clogged by the treasures,
Or innocent pleasures
Of the Children with appetites, come on the run:
Their world—a playground,—
Going longest "way" round,
Reach Home with re-bound:
Never think of the hunger and cravings of one
In the bosom 'prisoned, is part of th' Unseen One.

Ho, ye Lovers of Progress! whatever your zeal
There's a bright, shining mark, is worthy your steel;
When the great Hydra-headed has taken last stand
Meeting "bones of the valley" will rise in our land:—
When the curse of intemperance mocks us no more,
With its untold suffering and crimes at our door:
When th' rights of the citizen, Nation and state
No more shall bow down to hard-money Magnate:—
When Genius, inventive, safe-guards every where

With wiser provisions, precautions and care:—
In the grand "Equilibrium," lo! we behold
That "an infant of Days, dies a hundred years old."

No sickness to vex!
No horrible wrecks!
No other index—
Of the miseries here, have the mortal undone:
Long Life will be ours;—
Through jasmine bowers,
Making love with the flowers,
We shall journey along, taking lessons of One;
And we'll all be Conscious Parts of that ONE—sweet one.

THE MANTLE OF MOTHER.

Most holy the hour of Mother-hood's dawn,
When the innocent maiden has left the lawn
And her blithe companions, intent to gather—
From the altar—Hymenial, sweet grapes to press
Yield "Elixir of Life" and its blessedness;—
While she turns in trust to her Heavenly Father.

Who sheds o'er the House-hold, His halo round,
With two hearts in faith and gentleness bound
Are recounting their "gifts" in the cloudy weather;
Do the years gliding on, with the mid-night oil

That burns for the treasures increased their toil,—
Ere disclose the dear Hand lightened burdens for mother?

Can she offer them up to the shadows and crosses,
Those agonized doubts and stinging losses?
Though joy waiteth each in the home of another.
There is no one can tell the depth of smarting
Is hers for the tender ones—at parting;
No, never a one understands, but a mother.

To be hidden from eyes must hopefully look
Adown the dim future where loving forsook,
Would leave but the "smoking flax" to smother;
Or a withered rose with its odors gone—
Shows the spirit of youth went out and on,
In search of a Love is more like mother's.

As the last ties that bind together, are sundered—
How many the pangs for self are numbered?
Sweeps soul from its moorings, if there's no other
And sweeter ministry comes with the day,
Bringing labor to smooth bitter thoughts away;
For some day they'll know all it means to be mother.

Unless it perchance, be their province to wield
The mace of stern fortune a sister to shield,—
Who then is so thankful God gave her a brother;
And the way he fulfills these first duties given
Is the seal for those later, win Port of Heaven;—
Because, he learned here, the worth of a mother.

THANKSGIVINGS GONE BY.

Oh! how many this day know for what to pray?
How many the thoughts turning upward will say
"May Thy will be done," ere the vanishing sun
In his bed of rose sunk with the gray has spun—
Threads are not golden, sees a wish with-holden;
These no longer thankful for favors olden:
Nor remember the meals where His bounties meet
Are productive of thorns for the tender feet.

Some are thankful this day finds them far away
From a wintry clime,—where the children can play
In the breeze never dooms with the orange blooms;
Others sad that their hopes found early tombs.
Some can thankfully ride, apparelled in pride
With equipage that mocks the way-farer sighed!
For the joys of his youth which memories bring,
And his thanksgivings spent with a royal swing.

One thankful to day, debts are out of the way,
More coal in the cellar or much better pay;
One unduly thanks has deposits in banks,
Have they opened account in ledger for cranks?
Would abolish wants, would extinguish the haunts,
Where the green-eyed monster with glee avaunts!
One is always thankful she's a home to keep
As another praised God had no cause to weep.

Many thankful are willed hours happily killed,
Many more rejoicing their houses well filled
With the children and guest sojourning in west—
Met the contests of life at the soul's behest.
Piling dainties with bread when linen is spread,
All smiling and glad! after blessing is said
Over cranberry sauce, nuts, puddings and tarts
And bouncing big turkey, cost mint in the marts.

Few will thankfully wreathe with the air they breathe!
The reign of the frost king proclaiming beneath,
A petition for poor on the lonely moor—
Of a civilized people their rights abjure;
Where standard of man is too high for their clan!
Find most institutions are certainly ban
To enjoyments they covet, make fine display,—
Never taste of a turkey on thanksgiving day.

Sure they would believe could they daily receive
Goods are common to wealthy must this day grieve—
For their pet was not spared, having richer fared
His mercies forget, doubt Providence cared.
"Looking unto Him" others wisely do trim
Their expenses to suit the purses more slim,
Thankful they need not own their dinner had loan
Of a turkey half dressed made the butcher groan!

Those two dollars saved by a custom was braved
Would buy little Blanchie red bonnet she craved;
Who charmingly sings, loving all pretty things!
Is at Sunday school budding her fairy wings.
Will a surplus in lap furnish each a fur cap?
Our statesman who ruleth no city on map!

And music professor who hears in the school
Just why is Thanksgiving a holiday rule.

Might with elders inquire! why modest desire
Must be nipped at the root for a paltry hire,—
Whose assets never great, rise to educate!
Up "Hill Difficulty" toil early and late:
Who are thankful for work, their post will not shirk!
Know America, young, must wrestle with Turk;
Will the over-crammed heads for the honor try?
Shall responsible hands hold our banners high?

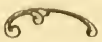
Is our system the best? Shall a practical test
Prove efficiency on fair freedom's crest?
Have no "bureau" as yet,—none in Cabinet—
"Pure food" are promoting for technics of Chet.
Busy! straining maple, an eastern staple
With glucose admixture does for the table—
Of the corn-growing states, where industry lies
Prone at feet of "Boaz" and thankful for pies.

There a gleaner is Ruth! thereon hangs a truth
With mists as a veil hiding features uncouth:
Should a touch of the rude her sanctum intrude!
Chagrined we discover our idol is wood.
Would ye bow at its shrine? Such may not be thine!
For meek He hath pity, lets arrogance shine.
Will worship of "mammon" flood our nation in tears?
And for what will we thank in "a hundred years?"

Even now must the alms open generous palms:
That once in a twelve-month there floweth the psalms
Of thanksgiving from lips, on regular trips

Cry sensational news, disaster to ships;
Ere another week old, pinched with hunger and cold!
World at their elbows tighter clutching its gold.
If folds of the flag get too scanty for cheers—
Oh! why should it wave all that "thousand years"?

Soon will old "Father Time" catch the fever and rhyme!—
Faster hasten along to the shrill treble chime
Of spheres that are calling, wonders appalling!
Republics arising with empires falling;—
With his auto lead trains, hitch wind and the rains
To the conquerors' car that progress contains;
Shout huzzas for thanksgivings when masses regard
With favor that Turkey mopes in our "back yard."



THE EARTHQUAKE SERIES.

The San Francisco Panic.

By the sea encompassed and th' silvery Bay—
All helpless and hushed, on the headlands she lay
While the stars grew wan with advancing day.
Making picture to sadden more serious heart,
For the gay, scarlet robe that bespoke her part
Was kith and full kin to the money mart.
Did the first faint tinge of the dawning dismay,
Hint of retribution when virtue's astray,
To those early risen seen passing that way?

How had honest toil's hurried footstep along
Other echoes awaked, than jocular song—
The guilty pursued; while he wot of no wrong.
Who was stirring abroad at unseemly hour?
Thro' the shadows would peer, invoking the pow'r
Of a Coroner's inquest to visit this bower:
Where the roses blush redder for Eve that died,
Easter lilies wax taller with stilted pride,
E'en the lemon petals and jassamine hide—
Their innocent heads under cover of night!
That the boon companion of creature so bright,
Had shameless deserted, nor either contrite.
No recourse in her woe! Unconscious in death
Save heroic aid fan her fast fleeting breath,
Was our sister City—fallen bride of Macbeth.
Beautiful in repose yet her sins unmasked!
Cried aloud for the purging that Jonah asked;
For that water cure Noah braver tasked,
Or the swift, shining blade with decisive blow
Separates the soul from those things cannot know:
That congested, may "blood to the bridles" flow.
Where the council was held, otherwise decreed,—
Our grey-hounds of war hath been staying indeed,
Few pulpits discourse in the Martian creed.
Should the lava bed be her last resting place?
Had her spirit departed, was born to grace?
Should the pall o'erspread silent 'Frisco's face?
Was it opium sealed as for one last sleep!
May she buried be in the briny, blue deep?
No!—not while the hidden forces may keep
The key for unlocking that lethargic brain,

Though tremendous effects follow in its train!
This day spareth her from the Ocean's main.
The crisis is reached;—watch the minist'ring hands
Of the firm Physician, with remedy stands,
Thro' all nature smiles in His soft summer-lands.
Hypodermic will tell—if she liveth to fear
The earthquake results from this measure severe,
Like electric shock fills her system near.
She shivers and struggles!—She clutches the air!
Why! her universe seems to be tumbling there,
When she thought she was climbing "the golden stair."
Oh! the rumbling! the shakes, brought those castles down
Built in fantastic dreams of fair Frisco town;
Will she ever forget, that menacing frown,
That gaseous sky and a blood-red sun?
Had the comet's impact dreadful mischief done?
Had combustion set in, and astronomy won?
Thrice smitten in conclave the elements close,
Will her frame dissolve in those terrible throes?
Reeling, each time felt that the earth arose.
Given season of peace,—people flitting by
Have appearance grotesque as they're forced to fly
In queer dishabille, if they would not die.
See, the ruins that mock her disordered brains! —
Dangling telephone wires!—bursting water mains
Are deluging streets, but no fire restrains
So rapidly grows. Might a merciful shower!
Send its cooling drops on the pinioned who cower
And quiver with pain in the burning tower,
There be eager hands and strong, willing feet
Of the rescuers ready their needs to meet;

Vital spark of life to preserve, is most sweet
When the tortures of death no moment allows,
To clean up the record of changeable vows.
Sublime! must be courage, no circumstance cows!
Ah! this is experience testing our faith!
Born of weakness is human, Diviner wraith—
Manifests for the good, no evil slayeth;
Who are these, come forth in the thickest of fray
Left in danger their own, neither far away,
To battle with giants, disputing their sway?
Shall their city be saved ere destroyer stalks
The length and the breadth of magnificent walks?
More relentless than earthquake one enemy balks.
Hark! the Mills of the Gods are grinding again!
They rock her foundations from cavern to glen!
No safety remains in the dwellings of men.
Wrenched her steel-girded blocks,—vain toil to repair!—
Rent in twain those structures, majestic and fair!—
Has Heaven no Ear for her frenzied prayer?
As quake after quake make the wreckage complete,
The yawning seams in her thoroughfares greet
These multitudes, fled in their winding sheet;
Intermission was brief, successively came
Vibrations that shook with vehemence, the same
As Lisbon was taught with the tigers aflame.
Here dreadful catastrophe!—triple has been!
Saw Mission and Market streets dancing-careen!
Yonder mass of charred rubbish, mansions were seen;
With the din of confusion,—dynamite booms!
To explosion add terror of the falling tombs
That luridly glare with the monument looms.

All business suspended!—ambition laid low!—
Insignificant now those values below
Which hamper the refugees whither they go;
To the suburbs, the hills, to the parks they surged,
Madder haste marking flight than if demon urged
Their immediate presence to paths converged:
Rushed hither, and thither, from region accursed
Leaving treasures behind by the blaze disbursed,
Snatching only most prized, for escape is first.
No glance in the mirror at faultless attire,
When fashions and fortunes in smoke went higher!
What a sacrifice this to potencies dire;
Formalities, customs! are thrown to the shades,
Ev'ry despot unbends to the lord of "trades";
Cream of highest degree to the least degrades.
With emergency clause tacked to civic bill
As they rail-roaded thro' the popular will,
No respecter of rank might the hungry fill.
Such order in chaos astonishes quite!—
Where relief committees were not out of sight,
The thirsty might drink whether colored or white.
Did the snaky eyes of the grafter intrude?
Was brotherly love trampled down by the rude?
In the struggle revived for raiment and food.
Was indigence there more apparent than thrift?
Has account its chapters too sickening to sift?
Was disposal the best of Charities' gift?
There's many a homily hangs on this tale!
For its tragical side better pens may fail,—
Than is mine, doth a mystery dare unveil.

RETROSPECT.

How our sympathies flow in that channel broad,
Cleaves the Heart of a Country, forgetting GOD
For the symbol man raised where the serpent gnawed;
Reared aloft for our worship, that standard bore
The sinuous coils crept from coinage odd store,
After gold was discovered on th' western shore.
This cure for all bites, California's strand
Washes up on our way to historical land,
Will your cricuit complete to the cradle planned,
Which was riddled and rocked by the mighty force
Sweeps the Halls of learning and village in course,
When the *sack* gets a shaking from seismic source.—
Broke the Aryan branch from the Bactrian root,
Planted progress and push; wherever he put
His marvelous "mark" comes a genius in soot.
Of his energy gave to Danish Canute,
Held the fort and frontier, till the shrill salute
Of the "little horn" blew with bible repute;
Gained favor and field for religion to reign
When Harold the Saxon at Hastings was slain,
Did a curtain ring down, ne'er to rise again!
Seeking power and pelf men fought for a place
With William the First, sought expansion and space;
Reared a rival for Rome and a dominant race.
On old Briton stock they were grafted to stay
Saw the Druid and Odin go down to decay;

Civilizing with weapons!—teaching to pray!
Extremes and extremists, when soil they possessed
There conquered and conquerors,—onward they pressed!—
Subdued the wild forest, sunk th' "Armadas'" crest!
O'er the stormy Atlantic sent noblest streams
In the New World to found more fabuolous dreams,
With the masterly minds of this mould she teems:—
Left to generous blend, San Francisco's fate,
The Mayor produced wiped saloon from the slate;
All hail! the Metropolis!—leading her state.
Justifiable then in the tumult ensued,
Was this exposition of morals, include
Preservation of life from the dangers brewed;
For that grand object lesson whom do we owe?
Remembered!—how long!—in the solemn, dumb show—
Conflagration that earthquakes, and panics sow.
Straight from ashes, she springs, resolve in her eye!
From her heaps of debris flings a banner high!—
Bearing globe on his shoulder, proud Atlas nigh;
There river and ranch, ore and orchard combines
To center our capital, commerce alligns.
In the City of tents shows promising signs.
Unshorn of her greatness by foes that alarm,
Drawn closer in ties are Humanity's charm,—
Renewed, pays a tribute to th' National arm.
Will we profit by warning, by message or rhyme,—
By experiment proved the source of all crime?*
Will she thank th' Creator's extension of time?

*A City Without Crime.—The "San Francisco Chronicle" of May 11th, 1906, points out the salutary effect of closing the saloons. . . .

THE AFTER-MATH.

Most remarkable then was the absence of rum!
In the earthquake panic loosed cords of the dumb,—
Broke the fetters that sickness had forged for some;
Scarce balanced by thousands who answered that call
Of a pressing summons to th' Judgment Hall,
Which the *quick* and the *dead* alike befall.
That *common-sense* once in the saddle rode
Wore the ermine and in the official strode,
Closing doors of infernal regime hath showed:
That "love of the neighbor" the world will draw,
Human rights will adjust without any flaw
When that "old serpent" 's bound by martial law,
In "the bottomless pit" for a "thousand years"!
Having chain to bind, lo! the Angel appears!
Over license and greed Christ's standard rears.
In the name of Republican Liberty, rise!
Thou, Metropolis! blest with changing skies,
Lay hold on the dragon!—in your court-yard lies;
Conceal him no longer in stale statute book!
Set your heel on his head in palace and rook!
Heal the martyred hearts, the besotted forsook;
Hearken never at all to his specious plea,
That his *mate* is a creature more vile than he:
Will filch the last crumb from child at the knee,
Sells the one tiny relic fitted feet grown cold,
Pawns a cherished piano when honeymoon's old;
Makes the soul, abandoned to sin, more bold.

Like the lightning will flash his fierce, forked tongue
Into Maderia, meekly nestles among
The tall branching oak with attractions hung.
Let him no more infest your great commonweal,
Till the soldiers must summary justice deal;
Poor 'Frisco!—be wise!—ere the clarion peal
Of the century coming seats *Coroner* dread,
Finds cause for the sentence, "depart! ye are dead"
Your Labor has with *unbeliever* wed.
In the arms of false lovers, flatter and fawn,
Has she frittered her term of pardon, is gone!
Take away her *part* in "Millennial Dawn."
Did that righteous *fan* in its sweep leave bare
The iniquitous haunts were his native lair?
Keeping outskirts of decency under the care
Of Divine sent His messengers fatal eve,—
On April eighteenth went gleaning a sheave
Here and there in disaster makes nation to grieve.
Made the mothers rave wildly for missing ones
Or weep unconsoled for their wounded *sons,*
Drove a husband insane with its violence stuns.
Yet, of all found homeless or love-lorn that week!
Could one entertain mine idea or seek
Just wrath to avert from our battlements, reek?
Who has listed to seers have forecasted and preached?—
Not as Ninevah heard when the Lord beseeched,
But, the vermin there routed, and vinous impeached.
Were it better that day, San Francisco passed
Swiftly out of the lists with th' living who blast
Their hopes of eternal, with wealth they have massed?—
With the seeds of dishonor and bitterness sown,

For the *"strangers within their gates"* have to groan:
Cursing women and wine for their manhood flown?
Better then swallowed whole by the angry tides!—
Than rudely aroused by this misery bides
Thro long weary moons for these regicides:
Daily crucify Him, "Anointed," our King,
To their *flesh-pots* and idols persistently cling!
While forgiving He still did no verdict bring.
To be perfect, no way have they yet discerned?
All of His *higher* laws breaking unconcerned
To continue! content! when hath wicked turned
From darkness to light and the nobler deeds
Are implied by the scriptural string of beads?
That annunciation, what parish e'er heeds?
Saith Jesus, "No drunkard shall enter the Door
Of Life Everlasting" on yon bright shore;
By the hundreds gone down, doth it grieve you sore?
Can three thousand four hundred such dens of vice—
Manufacture their victims, while men and *mice*
As blind as a mole, wink at Satan's device?
More taxes!—more blood-money!—*license* to *kill!*—
To defray the expenses of courts must fill
Penitentiary walls with products of *still.*
"Oh! why will ye die!" when no pleasure hath God
In the havoc that reigns, where the voice of th' clod
Sings the praise of the *serpent* the "wine-press" trod.

FULFILLMENT.

"There Shall Be Earthquakes in Divers Places."

'Tis beginning of sorrows; why not agree!
If slighted unseen, gentle Comforter be,
By revelry, riot, infamous decree,—
Then aloud must He speak; Omnipresence assert!
Thro' obedient winds and warriors that girt
His terrestrial pigmies—are made of dirt;
Independent, this globe of its MAKER hurled
It forth from the CENTER, developing world!—
Fearful fires underneath fruitful waters whirled.
Slink abashed to your caves, ye brawlers found birth!
But a gateway of Life to avaunt your worth,
Would divorce from His children the God of Earth.
Say ye "Jove's thunderbolts, mere playthings of *fate,*
As remorseless as blind, Wisdom ne'er adequate,—
Are but nature's reserve, neither Love nor *hate?*"
When gave He to *chance* these glorious spheres?
Boast ye, destiny our counts a million years!
Fie!—return to your tents!—for the Stone Age nears.
In their day despised, did the prophets of old
Declare of stern Justice, in Juggernaut rolled
Straight over the nations that deified gold;
To the four winds scattered the Scythian herd,
Sent forth the wild Tartar and stealthy Kurd
To descend on the peoples disdaining His word;
Turned loose on the trail, to scour every plain

Brutal, hated Hun, bent on rapine and gain,—
Meaning pagan depraved, should listen again.
Thus, aimlessly roaming, Cain slew his brother—
Till Omniscience above saw that some other
Influence must work their salvation, or smother
In a strang cataclysm;—left Sodom a lake,
Sealed Pompeii atween molten rocks in its wake;
Put an *end* to their world for the Son of Man's sake.
Almost Rome had fallen to Hannibal's band
Ere the legions beat back,—gave Alaric the land
Where Vandal and Gaul took an earlier stand.
Through the Goth passed dominion to Gentile and thee!
Vain product of missions! broad-casted and free
With His rod was intrusted, oh! "isles of the sea;"
And how have ye used it, to cripple His own?
Proud oppressors! who wrestle, usurping that throne
That "the kingdom comes nigh" oh! must ye be shown?
More Christian than they held its pennants aloft
Were barbarian host. Says th' book of Bancroft
Seven times riseth Rome o'er the Tiber troughed,
In sack-cloth and ashes learned lessons at "cost."
May the *Logos* restore early literature lost?
May His altars be cleansed ere the "lump" be tossed
Into that empty Void whence no Ray is sent?
Sure Manasseh and Ephraim have much to repent!
Rich shekels to offer for talents were lent.
Now, rail with contempt!—you, who matter, enthrone,
Scout the marvelous thing by minerals shown:
In *seismic* disturbance, how *near* is the "Stone"!
We can read as we run what the scientist learned
By much application, of the atoms churned

To incarnate *Terrene* when the *Lunar* burned;
Her moisture dried up, into nebulous mist
Was resolved those constituents, must persist,
Where man is to function or even exist.
For strict confirmation use the telescope,
Look at craters extinct on that envelope!
And imagine Creator leaving apes to cope
With *energy* restless and ruthless would slay
Those formative *thoughts* ere finished His way!—
To magnify Him at the close of the Day.
When the ground like an oven's intensest heat
Twisted guerdons of commerce in 'Frisco's street,
For the signs of Christ's Coming, didst watch?— discreet!
Nay! *End* is not yet!—periodical change—
Former crust doubled up into mountain range,
Buried forests of fern in the Glacial Age.
From the deep comes the monster with awful maw!
In his slimy embrace will engulf or saw
The *corpulent* creature defying his claw:
Oh! give him sea room, from Ocean to Ocean!
Lest he lasheth to foam in sore commotion!
O'er Peninsula prowling for prey and portion.—
Late from bowels of Aer came the warring sound
Of her animals caged; upleaping with bound
To the surface for breath,—in the belt renowned.
Fresh air they must have, from their torpor risen!
Each volcanic vent huge chimney is given;
Hail! the Lion of Judah! tramps with eleven!
Noting advent of each shall a trumpet blow;
One solemn beast gave Martinique to know
Preparations in haste for those move slow;—

Called back for a season! His servants were sealed,
When Formosa was rent and Hawaii reeled
With the volts that Vesuvius' summit peeled.
More quarrelsome,—panthers preceded the pair
Valparaiso destroyed on the Andes stair,
Spread the horror that laid San Francisco bare.
Seven times it is granted to "buy and sell"—
Posterity born in the future may tell,
How the *Cities built over* the *crater—fell.*

A CHRISTMAS IDYL.

'Twas wisdom of old saw in firmament there
The new Star was beaming refulgent with ray,
That it beckoned and led where Redeemer lay;
Led away from the life of opulent glare!
Over recess of nature stood th' Saviour's sign,
Their King would in *secret* rule human-Divine.

For Love and Good Works rising late, may they find:
Its mysterious light crosses desert wild,
Though they journey alone to behold this child;—
My steed hath borne naught to the earthly can bind!
No possession save *gifts* can lay at His feet,
Consecrated my all to that service sweet.

Praising Him for the peace and good will is nigh!
In a land where Christ to His temple hath come
To reside and reclaim; reveal unto some:—
The power is proceeding from GOD-HEAD high,
In the fullness of time sendeth forth a Son—
Embodiment living, of attribute won.

Does the holly wreath gracing French window plate
Signify 'tis a *crown* for the Prince who came
From Deity's Heart? First to kindle the flame
Would be "light on the path" for follower late.
For that magic torch strikes the holiest fire!
Long my soul had been yearning with great desire.

Now my star, though dimmed, rose so wondrously fair,
Mine enraptured gaze little else could perceive
For the hope of the vision inspiring Eve.
But before we can enter that Presence rare,
Must inquiry be made of shepherds near by—
On the hill-side sit watching, may testify.

Greater things hath the Lord vouchsafed to their eyes!
To finer perceptions phenomena bare;
Enthused with their message heard angels declare!
Instructing the way and the proofs will surprise:
That to them heaven granted especial test—
Wrapped in *swaddling* clothes the "Anointed" should rest.

Realistic that scene at Judean inn,
When I question in joy constellation, sang
Of the great fulfillments prophetical rang;—
With symbol addressed to *sub*-conscious within
As a present guide on this temporal earth,—
At "first resurrection" has literal birth.

Was there such a strange story e'er heard of before?
Is there anything new? Saith Solomon, nay!
All that is, hath been, what was then, is today
His Law universal;—in justice deplore—
These sectarian cults do boldly refuse,
Other witness than *written,* may Spirit choose.

And what if this day by exaction has lost
Its place in the calendar Christmas records?
That its gay celebration and rite accords:
No better with character genius embossed
In pure self-denial, simplicity lives,—
Than the cold catechism a Calvary gives.

At His "manger" bowed low with reverent head
Knelt the "trinity" led by ardour of youth—
The *celestial* would see for the sake of Truth;
In His features saw stamped innocence instead,—
Of acumen acquires through intellect's sway
But the knowledge that puffs, and throne of a day.

Shone with goodness and grace, no lingering stain
Of heredity's curse by psychic imprint;
His parentage drawn from the Infinite Mint—
Gave inflexible purpose to Him, must train
For "His Hour" when Supreme in sinless might,
Would our *God of Love* wear the *mantle* of *night!*

THE SIGNS OF THE TIMES.

These times are so prescient with probable change!
In the city we're struck with the pageantries range
From the vile and infernal, the lovely appalls,—
To decorum and piety reigns in our halls:
Not all of it mockery! reason runs high
In the deep surging sea of profanity nigh,
But,—the livery of heaven is stolen, they say,
To deck that old *Moloch* of money today.

Everywhere 'tis the same!—in th' long crowded street
No perceptible halt except at his feet;
In business transactions how painful to note!
The world wears his mark, his grip at its throat.
Under seat he erects, *Rockefellers* now hide,
Should it next take to quaking where will they abide?
While events in the west move, *Hunting-towns* say!
Shall a stone breaks the toes of that "image," part clay.

As you walk down alone, thro' the grand thoroughfare,
Watch the tangles for commerce and industry there;
And treasure it well!—if you're hearing a word
Of the nobler impulse actuating the herd:
See their leader, cries Apis!* through the China shop roves—
What a smash-up there'll be when he takes to the groves!

*The ancient Phœnicians show the head of "Apis" on the house-tops. See ancient alphabets in "Webster's Unabridged Dictionary." The author unlearned in these things, gets the idea by "inspiration."—Ed.

While he calmly lies down on the house-tops so good,
There's a *fiat* for them, slaves to animal food.

Are you some times impressed with the masks going by
To imagine the thoughts that behind them may lie?
Are you wondering too, if their highest concepts
Will release them from worship at demi-god's steps?
Do you read in their faces "the signs of the times"!
Do you recognize "wheels" of Ezekiel's chimes?
They're all rushing by in an automo' race—
After *gods* which the *Pantheon* couldn't replace.

In such strenuous times, what of dignity lost!
In any deed simple, no honor has cost?
Lets the feminine world, *saner* judgment record
On opinions and policies—once abhored—
Without compromising their womanly worth,
Since a lady's a *lady* all over the earth.
Do housekeeper majorities glory in this
Finer test of a character not remiss!

Though the stranger arrives from conservative east—
Looks askance at the privilege nations leased—
Oddly censures or protests with shake of the head;
Smiles doubtful derision of this aforesaid.
Quite alive to advantage their interest wired
By our liberal code and genius inspired,
They adopt without murmur the bicycle craze,
Else they harness their hobby no *houdah* delays.

Great distinction we gained with wealth of the state,
Wrote "sixteen to one" on her own silver plate,
Where the woman as *one,* finer gold represents

With superior morals, influence, and sense:
Brings her talents to school, to the forum, and church
"On the heights" organizing committees to search,—
Must the home sanctify, legislative degrees,
Tender lives to protect and our true liberties.

But, for their perpetuity, stood the *sixteen*
Brave men made the white metal balance between,
When they waged a fair fight 'gainst commodity laws
Would our standard degrade by purchasing "clause."
Did some certain Assembly prove man has his price?
With our *silver* reduced to mere merchandise!
Did that lone lady Member, Arapahoe gave—
Like the adamant stand against bribery's wave?

Yes! the brightest of stars, in our galaxy shone
Was the one faced the lobby that we must dethrone;
With the wine-glass debauches your coterie sent
If you don't vote in sisters to patch up the rent;
They are mistress of Needles that close up the gaps,—
Keep machinery buzzing while *masculine* naps.
If the women select her, in ethical versed!
She'll strengthen minority, needs it the worst.

On behalf of "The Times," let attention be called
To the work she's performed where she is installed;
When a Superintendent of Schools—is ahead
In finance, in efficiency, honor has led;
Not a single male applicant, for it insists
In the column new *mint* has prepared for the twists:—
Will announce to the nation old *Moloch* was wise
When he figured how cotton with silver would rise.

Watch the antics of dealers in *futures,* assured,
Are so smart in "the ring" to hardships inured;
Knowing all of the quirks of that new silver bill,
Sent the government out on a hunt that is *still.**
But our dear Uncle Sam taking guise of the "bear"
Doesn't look well in *stripes* or long, populist hair;
Could you think he's forgotten what "Sherman law" taught?
No backing for *money* as *bullion* is bought!

Silver grains in the dollar our standard proclaimed,
Should agree with its value intrinsically named;
Now, what do we behold?—fluctuating below
Pure *fiat* makes up near a third, for the *show!*
Ah! who pockets the difference?—are you aware
There's a call on the currency climbing the stair?
For prosperous country, canals a success!
Do demand honest medium,—Moloch can't dress.

Just beware of the arts he's practicing now!
Can't the "men of our times" remember the row
Which ensued when those raids on the treasury, planned,
Resulted in panics—bankrupting the land?
And the later crop sown by dishonored enchange
Will its harvest bear soon beats the Ninety-three range;
How much longer indeed, will the people endure!
Ere they strike for "free silver" or th' fiat insure?

*Says "The Western World": Under date of Washington August 9th, the Associated Press carried the following dispatch,—"For the first time in thirteen years, the government announced today its purpose to purchase silver for coinage purposes. Tenders are invited at the office of Director of the Mint in this City, the 15th inst., . . . and every day thereafter until further notice." . . . It is understood that anticipating its reappearance as a purchaser might disturb the market unduly, the Treasury has obtained control of considerable amount (of bullion) for future delivery, so it is in position to drop out of the market for several months, if desirable.—Author.

THE BACKBONE OF THE CONTINENT.

Oh! could I behold with the Poets' dawn!
When chariots, wheeling in Heaven, were drawn
By the wonderful Powers, were Plato's delight,
Were his gold-starried steeds lifted curtain of night.
To see with his vision!—Immortals arrayed
In the tournament, rode and th' CENTER surveyed;*
If they lost not their *balance* in dizzy expanse
Nor failed of controlling war-horses and lance.
To gaze on the INFINITE!—SOURCE of all Life!—
That Splendor Majestic! the Reason of strife!
When freed from the flesh, our legitimate aim,
Thus had Socrates teaching rekindled the flame.
First martyr for Truth!—by the *spirit* was led
He knew as the *daimon* delivered from dead;
To the hemlock condemned!—did his *courage* sustain?
Does his car lead the van on "Valhalla's" plain?

Has he looked with the seers of illustrious past?
The disciples of Hermes!†—honored at last;
Harmonizing philosophers, birth upon birth—
Have they looked and returned for a handful of earth?
Have they *looked* on the Logos clothed with the *Sun?*—
On Wisdom; on Justice; all Glorious One!

*Center—astronomically calculated at the Pleiades and adjacent constellations.—The Author.

†Observe the One-ness of this word Her-mes with that MES-SI-AS which was to come.—Ed.

And, filled with that LOVE, sought mortals below,—
To assist up "the heights" and light to bestow?
May the strong aid the weak? In the race behind,
May the vanquished a fane with the victors find?
May they open the page of geology rent?
And explain the backbone of a Continent:—
That arose from the darkness, a creature in Time
From the surf elemental,—bedded in lime;
The hour having struck for a *vertebrate* world
Comprehending the needs of the *monads* furled.

Long Age! did it seem, that she poised in mid-air!
Uncertain if she were to navigate there;
Quite unable to think!—too feeble to stand—
Would she sink in the waves, or aggregate land?
So tremulous still!—she swayed to and fro—
Her ponderous bulk submerging below;
Half crouching, she halted!—no confidence gained
Nor stability felt where the waters reigned.
After first sensations of chill atmosphere
Called away from the Furnace to surface sheer—
Fierce, incandescent fogs and vapors white,—
Came a pleasanter thrill, provoking the flight
Of the cuttle-fish, porpoise, sea-serpent and shark
In her cavernous quarters, preferring the dark.
Pouring down from her queer, shaggy sides in streams
Was the aqueous fluid with proteid teems.

But many the mollusks and mussels enmeshed
In the tangled sea-weeds poor prisoners leashed,
More secrets concealing than you ever guessed!—
Pre-empting your home on her mountainous crest;

Exactly like goose pimples covered her back
When the temperature left epidermis slack;
Now cooling!—now warming!—alternate the change,
Like kaleidoscope leaving no solid range.
Quite impervious yet to the blinding sleet
And the scorching influence of solar heat,
Was incredulous still of a Purpose wise
And resisted the energy, bade her rise.
There silent, insensitive, did the old Maid*
Have her feelings once hurt —by the winds that played
And roughly disported themselves on her mane?
Interfered with those eyes, that ne'er saw plain;—

Stretched away in the distance, cramped in the throes
Of a force, gave no action nor yet repose;
In the struggle absorbed stirred her inner parts
Undecided—was proof against "Cupid's" darts.
Thus, blissfully ignorant, Time went its round!
Nor informed her how nude was her pebbly ground;
That she had grown crusty, was looking more aged,—
Till the truth leaked out when th' terraphim raged:
Sent a spasm through marrow, through liver and lung
As he brushed off the curls where the siren sung;
Said, "You shameless old thing, why don't you wake up?
Why won't you look up? Haven't you had "enup"
Of that salty sea brine and the stammering tribes

*Note the strange mythical account of the Princess Europa (Europe) in dream beholds two continents at strife over her, both in the form of women. One as a mother (Asia) having nursed—claims her. The other a stranger, declares by the Will of Jupiter, Europa is destined to be her prize, . . . and Europa in rapturous longing prays for its fulfillment. . . . This tale of Jupiter's love for mortals—all unknown to me until this book went to press.—Author.

Have made you the butt of their ill-favored gibes."
All at once found her faculties —grown alert,
Found her feminine instinct for dress expert.

Disgusted with form,—awkward outlines betrayed
By the simpering glance of smart Sol, who stayed
A whole hour longer than usual that Day,
To melt off the icicles fringing her Bay.
His modest proposal—attentively heard!
Which was merely to clothe her, as you've inferred;
(No ulterior motive, he had,—I am sure)
Only she must be pretty, and busy, and pure.
Brighter seasons and hopes blest the New Age born,
And the Earth appeared younger that gladsome Morn
Saw their vows exchanged; and the store unsealed
Had resided in sands, by no means revealed.
Not that she had been barren!—by Ocean swept
Bringing delicate verdure and children crept,—
Disappeared in the mist, and she missed them not!
Nor discovered the skies were a smiling spot.

Never noticed their tints of heavenly blue,
Watching favorites solely; or angry grew
When the timid and tender, devoured at a gulp,
For the want of *back-bone*, were reduced to pulp
By monsters voracious,—set th' vertebrae fad
Culminating with "courtier, king and cad,"
And she scarcely observed, after fits came on
Many humps had remained with the hurting gone.
Why she strangely had given small heart to the work
Of providing them sustenance, sword or dirk,—
The sequel will show, if the Book doesn't close

Before I can finish this record!—who knows?
When the Sun had prevailed, on his Spouse, to try—
With pursuasive tenderness, kissing her eye,
Saying "center your thoughts, the Furies confused,
And imagine the daintiest costumes used:"

Earth blushed like a poppy!—turned paler, then green,—
How stingy!—and partial! mother Nature has been!—
Would not hint possibilities,—sights discerned—
On the shores lie Beyond;—of affection yearned,
Now attesting the friend instructed her well;
Gave devoted examples, until she *fell.*—
It must have been prior, that third Party came—
Engendered the trouble—producing a *flame.*
Any way it is certain, dame Nature bore twins
Christened Water—and Earth; either one in sins
Like the Siamese brothers, haply apprised
To be *wedded* is only to be *despised.*
That's the first intimation we have received
Why the sober old Maid had singular grieved.
Mark the *Sun A-*one,* and the Twins number *two,*
Then Air made the trinity† sages once knew.

How can we explore where it happened? She wrought!
In her one occupation engaged, was sought—
Crude beginnings to hide festooning with vines,
Spreading moss on the stones,—knowing no designs;
But, patterns were every where plenty, it seemed;

*This is an allusion to the true "Sin-a-i, Sun-A-I to Sun-A-one, referring to Al-c-y-one the largest sun of the Pleiades, the Physical and Metaphysical Center of the Universe or COSMOS.—Ed.

†Here is a recognition of the principles of Earth—Water,, Air and Fire of ancient Astrology; the Sun representing the fire of the Holy Spirit.—Ed.

Ah! she suddenly stopped! grew dizzy, and dreamed!
A sunstroke?—no doubt! had her twin-sister learned
To avoid that inordinate passion—burned?
The wind had, in motion, enjoyably soothed
And kept her asleep while he craftily smoothed,
From that huge, gristled hulk, the incipient slime
As she slowly pushed upward in alien clime.
He flattered her too, but alliance disdained;
Not a syllable offered of knowledge attained!
Condescended no word of the Laws were framed—
Generation the worst—and severest named.

Ah! had *Mater* then known what the ending would be?—
Independent no more! neither happy nor free;
Yet, had she not warned her, informed nor advised
The consequence lay in that snare improvised.
If a diver be tempted, what chance hath the pearls?
Better Noman's embrace till the spirit unfurls:*
In the toils to accomplish, was water impressed!
Their dependence on air, no one had expressed;
Non agreement with this third person in suit—
While the Sun penetrating, frees each tiny root
Germinating cell-life, climbs upward so fair,
Expands with his rays! drinks humidity there!
Smarting yet, at th' stings for encounter with knave,
Did the soil with good grace, respond to the wave
Of vibrating ether, led captive her Soul?†
"Be fruitful," she heard, through Eternities roll.

*The Marriage Supper of The Lamb.—Ed.

†The Soul, an etheric organism linked with the chemical soil. (The first man—Adam,) "a little lower than the Angels"—on the plane of generation.—Ed.

Bringing forth in travail, from death cannot save—
Sadly thought of a Will—oh, might weep o'er th' grave;
Hitherto was creation buoyant with hope!
Cycles past—ere the promise thro' rare Penelope;
And is there redemption for matter* from this!
In Mineral youth to be barren was bliss.
No misery harrowed her vegetable life—
Furnished conscious delights; no warring was rife.
But these animal forms!—from partnership sprung!
Where the love, beatific—which Sappho sung?
To rarify, purify poisonous fumes . . .
Came the reeds and the reptiles, the fronds and th' plumes
Robed in drapery green, all matchless the dyes!
Borrowed gold of the Gods and azure of skies;—
In orders ascending the color scheme lent,

Set her *heart* palpitating, their ecstacy sent.
One sure consolation, midst all of these woes:
She could change her attire when capricious she chose,
Taxed her full ingenuity, strength, and resource
Had been largely expended, in Miocene course;
Over-lapped by the Pliocene principle, tied—
Sprung the marvelous trap in her sylvas wide.
Even then grew the *vine,* often since, beguiled
With the voice of the tempter, a manacled child.
Such extensive domains now no-where exist
As these succulent, towering groves—she wist
Protection afforded, and freedom from pain
Could it witness the *spirit of Manhood reign.*

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*"Yet in my flesh shall I see God," says patient Job. "This mortal shall put on immortality, and this corruptible put on incorruption," saith Paul—"the Initiate."—Ed.

Too early for this, intervening the years—
Must be busily filled, forgotten the sneers!
And her trembling foundation succeeded a term
In supporting the structure, for sake of the "*worm*."

High enough, had she risen, with boulders fenced!
What damaging currents had terror dispensed
In the Glaciers' grip?—where shaking with cold,
Discouraged she sunk to the fiery Hold;
For a period's rest—there black as the coal
Were the garments she donned; none might condole!
Distinctive in pigment it operates oft
To distinguish that racial default, we scoffed.
Bemoaning her fate!—would in future aspire
Highest Heaven to scale;—while playing with fire
Caught a trick of the genii in Genesis wrote,
For that further experiment made-a-note.
Fixed resolve to enlist all the forces known
Would cohesion invite from zenith to zone,
When next she should feel that internal desire
Would with *energy* raise her *whole system* higher.

Chained fast —those interiors waited for long
In the punishment meted to make them strong,
While the weight of the ice floes pressing down hard,
Made a carbonate mass of her kingdoms barred
From the Light of the World and the breath was sweet
In the nostrils of creatures found no retreat.
Great forests and fossils turned anthracite there
Marked a union of Fire, Earth—water, and Air:
Many miracles planned, by museum prized!
Curiosities caught and well crystalized,

With wonders, defy all description of mine
In the work-shop conducted by Love Divine.
Had Nature in process, charge over all,
For the Good that should thro' generation fall?
For a race that should find expression complete
When at last this strange Being springs to her feet;

With a bound that surpasses mind to conceive,
With tremendous exertion made globe to heave,
Shot upward with dynamic force that split
Asunder her stratas, her products of pit.
Now, determined to reach bolder heights—from whence
She could look with a proud pre-eminence,
A challenge could fling to Olympian Height
And an oracle hold for the "beasts" of flight.
How many the trumps?—announcing at hand
Some decisive event, with a stern demand
On the armanent locked vast portals above—
Where th' Glacial flood shut out sunshine and love.
How many the "thunders!" reverberate then!
Was it Heaven's artillery?—wakened again
Those slumbering sentinels come at the beck
Of resident chemicals holden in check:

Employed in the hot, subterranean caves
By the Architect laying the trellis-work saves,—
Was the broad super-structure then reared aloft,
When a magnet electrified molecules soft?
How many the "seals"!—did the seventh undone
Usher new dispensation for Man begun?
Where the cryptograms* given Hierarchy ensouls!

*The Hand-writing of God in the natural process of Evolution.—Ed.

What the name of arch-angel! their message unrolls.
Oh! the grandeur of mighty conception in view!
Immense spinal column and skeleton grew:
Long-armed, with phalanges and coarse, carpus bones
Hurling back the ice-bergs of the Northern zones;
With a limb stretching south—Del Fuego set
For a Horn of defiance where empires met;
Planted toe of integrity—freedom has felt,
Other knee doubled up neath the Amazon belt.

As the signs long ago passed the Portugese by
So with progress where bones of the *Tarsus* lie;
More hopeful conditions and character built—
Living, loved and learned, till the foreigners' hilt
Devastated and looted Peruvian pride,—
Swept the Incas away, with its felonous tide.
No farther, their past than the future we trace
Of mysterious Being secured a place;
Vaulted high in the clouds with convincing mien!
Would old Boreas yield to the rights of a queen?
Might face the frost-king with forbiddance to hold
Back the Arctic excursions and Klondike gold.
Wearing waist line small near the Panama hats
Have a slight simulation to Bengal bats,
And the dip of her waist is so stylishly low
Leaves a region in doubt, has effect! you know!

Thus Central America, joined to old Mex—
Makes additional frontage, we may annex,
To the very fine *figure* breaks all fashion plates—
For the *ribs,* doesn't lack, form—United States,
Though the cut of the shoulders, "Cannada weel"

Proves consumption like this cannot always deal
In exorbitant furs; since that awful attack
Of the malady follows her horrible hack.
The head? out of sight! out of mind! out of print—
Off the map! out of question till you take the hint,
See the crowning piece of creation was made
A Woman indeed! when old Adam was laid
In that dreamless sleep, that enabled the Lord
One rib to convert into counterpart chord;
Whereon grander harmonies answer His touch
When they are redeemed from a sordid clutch.

Now, the Ultimate nears!—it flushes the Morn!
It lights up the craigs, stood for Ages forlorn!—
And the *rib* was imperfect—material first
Advances four-squared from morals the worst;
How! brave Colorado laid chief corner stone!
Graces woman with laurel, a scepter and throne;
Together they mount,—in the distance, I see
Pythagorian arts shedding glory on thee!
Does *Adam,* the *quickened,* find grateful his *Eve?*
Ah! yes, she's athirst, from God's Fount to receive;
More of wisdom acquire, to mitigate sin,
Spread the gospel of holiness, cleanses within.
'Gainst the Day of His Coming, makes mountains to weep
Shakes their base with incline, and stirs up the deep.
—Uneasily, now! mother Land changes foot!
So long, at the *fender,* has rested in soot:

Sent sparks through the chimney, Vesuvius loaned,—
That knee getting Chilli, it actually groaned;
While a finger tip flung to'ard Pacific to cool

Felt a pang which should warn of dangerous pool;
'Twill belch forth its gases, in volumes of tears
Till the poor ventilation of centuries clears!
Will this section be spared? bearing record, content!
Safely hugging Backbone of the Continent.
Most imposing! there looms a magnificent pile
Executed in granite; speaking the style
Of its beauty, endurance, statliness, fame,
That wide spreading arch, mammoth pillars can name,
In its Mineral Hall under Capitol dome
Archeology vies with the precious loam,—
To tell the same story, noble Rockies impart
Canon City lies close to the *creature's Heart.*

Shall the heart be unmoved when the Master comes?
Stagnated with flow from her ventricle slums!
Is the sign-board up, points our utmost desire?
Shall the Soul of the World then lift her higher!
Will she feel an impulse to scatter the herd
Of wise barnacles scorn the Judgment deferred?
Will those primeval fires for Almighty entreat
With one of the Twelve to prepare Him a seat!

WHEN STREAMS RUN UP HILL.

When will our Humanity call for a halt
In the mad, reckless pace which is nobody's fault?
With every nerve strained to th' tick of the clock—

Yet have we not found combination lock,
For that wily old serpent is always "on time"
To head off a temperance move in this clime;
Oh! for concert of action, devotion to Life!
With a pad-lock and chain for that demon of strife.

Is it idle to think, to pray, to exhort?
Should we all band together his schemes to abort?
In vain do we organize, vainly do work!
Where the willing can't vote and the Churchman shirk;
Having millions of members, are resting their cause
On the labor and business world making our laws;
Shall the people awake and respond with a will—
When our rivers and streams are running up hill?

Eurekaé 'tis done, and the enemy's ours!
Let us march upon Jericho using God's powers;
Irrigation has solved the problem "out west,"
There plains that were arid yield you the best;
Like-wise we observe in Nature's domain
How the woodlands are clothed in verdure again,
As the sap turning downward in season's decline,
Springs upward to meet the mellow sunshine.

As its blood mounting higher brings growth to th' vine,
So the soul is expanding—greets Love Divine,
To our being flows from the Great CENTRAL Sun,
To quicken *His* germs ere the race be run:
Now the tree—generation, felt wintry blast,
Sent downward its streams for a seed-time past!
Must upward direct them that fig leaves may grow
For the "healing of nations" from death below.

This lesson our Savior strove then to impart;
But the World must experience "change of Heart"
And th' currents of life be running up hill—
Ere the temperance cause can prophecy fill;
Who will dedicate talents and with us rejoice,
That Reform raised a glad "California Voice"?
Who will set up the shout, oh! Gabriel, blow!
While the "spots on the sun" light signals, we know?

SONG OF THE RAPTURE.

We may cherish high ideal—
An infusion of the Real,
That no narrow, meager life can typify;
Though I ween, in some ordeal
Each will court the "last appeal,"
And resolve to win the prize—by and by.

Shall we look to Light of Brahma?
May our blindness plead with "Karma"
For instructor where the prophets mystify?
Now, I take it, cheapest charmers
World would deem us, or alarmers—
Who conducts you to a Guide—by and by.

Man should hardly be confounded
When in "faith" he's firmly grounded,
And enlightened where the learned falsify;

For no mortal tongue hath sounded
All the miracles astounded,—
Wrought with "strata" that survives—by and by.

Trace the "Gift" to have for asking,
For the marvel's—in the grasping,
And no other will the Saviour glorify;
Most ecstatic is its tasking,
There's nobility in basking
In the *Sunshine* of the "Sweet bye and bye."

'Tis the message fraught with healing
Brings the joyful state in feeling,
When you get it, you'll "His Coming" magnify;—
There's the vision comes with kneeling,
There's the Truth no more concealing
And its Heralds will increase—by and by.

Paid—the "price" was set before me,
With the crown up yonder for me!
"Cleanse the sanctuary" means to sanctify;
Oh, the friends that have been told me
With His Spirit shall enfold me—
As I sweep through the Gates—by and by.

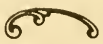
Could our LORD exclude a ranger
Since His cradle was a "manger"?
How we wonder would His Table satisfy—
Which He spreads for any stranger,
In His Charity no danger
Of a shortage in that "Supper"—by and by.

What's the need of our bewailing?
While there's Source alone unfailing

Where the "fishes" and the "loaves" still multiply:
Then no sea-weed shall be trailing
Keel of Ship where-on we're sailing,
If we're headed for that Port—Bye and Bye.

When the sands of life are waning:
All its glitter and its graining,
And our courage we would fairly fortify —
We've an Advocate remaining,
With God's "messengers" obtaining
Proclamation at the "Throne"—by and by.

Chorus:
Do you want an "inspiration"
To portray the shining sheen?
Do you seek the "conversation"
That awakes the echoes there?
There'll be grand "illumination"
When the LORD attends the scene—
And a pressing "Invitation"
From His Chorus "In the Air."



THE FOUR RIVERS OF EDEN.

'Gainst the glowing glaze of departing day
In relief four companion vessels lay;
At anchor rode gently, nor th' burnished deck
Could hint of the whither or river's neck—

That should open to prow of each goodly craft;
To weather the winds and waves with draught
And tonnage provided by the Builder wise,
Who knew where the coral or the corsair lies.

Not a query of captain or mate prevailed
To elicit the truth of odors exhaled
From border with blossom; of th' sandy loam
Where an arid land gives th' "sphinx" a home.
Unbroken that silence of unfruitful waste!
One answer hath idol "God passed in haste";
Its secrets of warrior and dynasty old—
Will ne'er be unlocked till the trumpet bold:

Resounding through earth strikes in accents dread—
"Why seek ye the living among the dead"?
In accordance these all do benignly boast
My bark ploughs the sea to the promised coast.
Corn, with "honey and wine" swells the siren's song!
Wilt rest in our groves, till the shadows long
Have announced that a tropical sun went down,
Leaving night of Nature no darker frown?

For that is the *river* with the broadest sweep
Through valleys fertile, where bleating sheep
Forget to look up in a pasturage rich—
Till the "wolf" disperses toward the muddy ditch;
Which they follow wildly seeking safer fold,
For the vale "beyond" crowd the vessel's hold:
Belonging to packet plies fine steamer line!—
Theosophy taking brother "divine."

Visits flourishing marts proselytes to gain,
Herding frightened sheep, seeding well the main.
Does on trip return heavy freighted with souls
Quite oft touch harbour, repairing the holes.
E'en the smoothest currents, Ascension our course!
Hide dangerous snags to its very source;
Though magnificent stream sprung of early rains—
"Simoon" sweeps it yearly on lower plains.

Most enticing the views of verandas grand!
The pillars and stacks of a prosperous land;
Navigators bend curve into sparser steppes
With lightening burthen of right concepts.
Yet that congregation at terminal seen—
Will by far out-number the band, I ween,
Who footsore and weary crossed desert, wild,
Too impatient to wait while explorers tiled:

Through quicksands and marshes of th' straggling stream
Appeared on the charts with a saving scheme,
That *"empirical science"* wears for a name,—
Unskirted—stale seepage spreads out for fame.
If solution you ask of enigma strange!
Why gathering waters on the higher grange,
Do not send their collection of crystal drops
To the embryo shale where th' schooner stops;—

'Tis explained that they leap from the high plateau
Over great cataracts to range below;
Fall in "maiden-hair" mist dissipated soon
By archeological, heated noon:
But the trade winds succor "Oasis" between
The mountains of Leban and Araby's sheen.

Where mind consecrated to fossilized delves!
To construct a raft that can hoist themselves,

With humanity's help up the higher ford
The treasures of Eden, to seize and hoard;
Should they be enabled the shallows to wade
Pass the "flaming sword" where the angel staid!
Lest any might dare, evolution to board
There cast bold reflection on birth of our Lord.
Oh ye who sail! beware of "false Science" stream!
In the balance will *soul* come back to dream.

How fares that frigate on the voyage of life
In the channel where Reason cut conflict rife?
Precipitous banks mark a continent "dark"
Where the jungle ne'er echoes to meadow lark.
Like a Congo 'tis flowing, so swift and strong!
Each brave buccaneer is buffeted long,
An under-tow dragging to mariners' grave!—
The beleaguered skiff minus oar and stave.

Small inducement to tarry on this alien shore
Where shells circulate and the lions roar,
Where the chimpanzee tribes—barring Timbuctoo,
Make vociferous claim of "pounds" from you.
Now and then a Stanley, cuts Gordian knot
And pentrates into forbidden spot;
Some lone missionary, rum traffic in wake,—
With stoical calm dies for Standard's sake.

Remains of a Livingston or a Socrates,
Fare badly on Congo among the bees
That are swarming round ship, old *philosophy*—

Scuttled many years since by "sophistry."
Acute observation of logs rushing by
In supply of demand for a yacht to try:
Competition with brig bore first Cable wires—
"Two worlds" uniting,—this *second* requires.

An "Eastern" must grapple for the parted ends
Which sunk in the ocean, as *first* transcends;
When joined by Inventor on His second tour
Superior service will news insure;
Will disclose that the timbers felled further up
Are inadequate still for the soul's stirrup.
We,—interpreting moss that grows when they gorge—
See a landward journey led cutters to Forge.

They, with implements sharp in necessity
Slew the giants near pool of Adversity,—
Sent them whirling down stream with a conscious twinge!
To show that there's reason at the Heart of Things.
"As the days of a tree" shall people be known
By the shadow cast, or fruit they have grown?
Or must we determine by patterns in moss—
They were *cut* in their *prime* at terrible loss: ,

Schooled ahead to be seasoned for th' Master's use!
In iron-clad building to stand abuse,
Advantage to follow, little *monitor* gained
When hope of the "union" had almost waned.
Massive beams!—they are good in the Builder's eyes—
Who planted and trimmed,—oh, His great surprise!
When blockade in "father of waters" informed
That *reason* subverted had heaven stormed.

That increase of knowledge had matter impressed—
A rival to steam up the self possessed
Tributary of blessings, mental went down
Through hostile dependency of the Crown.
Why endeavor to steal around underbrush
And miasma of grinning cannibal "Cush"!
To discover mistake at the last account,
Find "door" of the soul ope'd on other mount?—

Where gentle shower and vaporous "cloud"
Combining in rill and rivulet plowed
Their fissures from summit; each direction takes—
One east, one west, feeding beautiful lakes.
There, an outlet draining, does volume discharge
In two noble branches of a Nile so large!
It's over-flow gladdens with annual rise
Of pellucid stream; creeping silently lies,

Upon meadow and field—fine acreage green,
The present salvation of a thirsty scene.
Oh! dwellers of Egypt, grasp those mercies sent!
And thank for the tide Revelation lent.
While the freshet is on, dig your reservoir,—
Let "ownership" dictate its own memoir;
Bring along "new bottles" for this newer "wine"
That never was pressed from the grapes of Rhine.

Idle not your leisure!—rear no palace grand!
Tabernacles to tempt on a foreign strand;
The "fig-tree" and "vine" are the temporal prize!
"Olive leaf" alone, bears the *dove* through skies.
As receding wave in that subsidence slow
Resumes its old limitations low,—

There the cruiser devout *orthodoxy* wends
On steady excursion "tradition" blends.

Once honored to carry that Cable of Light!
Successfully laying till out of sight,
'Mid the "waters" of peoples embedded in brine
During reign of the "dragon" did Truth decline.
Consoled for the loss of a *real live wire*
Did her captain for merchandise most aspire!
But never pretended fierce rapids to climb—
That feat engineering performed "in time."

No gondola she sends to Venetian homes!
Her keel would get caught in the "catacombs,"
If she ventured o'er waste with her ponderous masts
That creak in the Libyan, hurricane blasts.
Sip some inspiration from those *bottled goods!*
Thine hunger be filled with the "manna" foods;
Then list to the Saviour, never far away—
Who bids on *that wave,* "Peter *walk!* today."

There journeys of profit for safety depend
On the personnel of our *nearest* friend;
One able to quiet th' tumultuous "sea"—
Better *faith* in *presence* than "doctrine"—He.
Note the valliant corps of staunch soldiers seen
Late in fighting armor for empire been,
Territory acquires for the telegraph
Soon to finish sweet *story* with other *half.*

Inexhaustible stores, and welcome "recruit"
Who would thoroughly furnish and gain repute;
Be preparing at onslaught "to hold the fort"

Of the Spirit when *Zion* shall heave "in port."
Better ship — yet she tarries on upper heights
For marvelous compass with easy flights,
Up the branches "occult," and of Syrian lore
Where God thundered *once* then was *heard* no more.

How Nirvana's students came with caravan,
And pleasantly tented, where their *cosmic* plan
Forms a confluence wrapt with lesser but true—
Source strangely proceeds from Nyassa, blue:—
Is the best represented by mystic gray
Who sees the "sunrise" on the hill tops play;
Points "axle of world"*—demonstrating that man
Runs after his shadow on "foot-stool" *Iran*

Ever looking to Love will, absorbed in Him
Draw the *shadow* of *sin* into righteous brim.
Hearing *message* that drifts like the dying swan!
Down sad Abyssinia's mystified, wan
Raciness—make a junction in dangerous pass,—
Picks up the refrain and together may class
All the "gospels" delivered to saints of yore,
And the *garments* that "crucifixion" wore.

Finds with *Elder Brother* affinities rare!
For Christ plants a shoulder to reach the *stair.*
Wakened multitudes growing more curious now
Are desirous to gaze upon *Eden's* brow;
Read sequel to lines of that *mutiny* act!

*"Samson stark at Dagon's knee!
Gropes for columns strong as he,
When his ringlets grew and curled—
Groped for Axle of the World.
—*Emerson.*

Why an entrance to River of Life we lacked;
Why a "god" that sinned was no better than *clod*—
Who *before* had settled "the land of Nod."

THE CRY FROM THE JUNGLE.

I picked up a thread from the shuttle thrown,
As wanting a line I could call my own
To spread that appeal, round the world was sent
"Where the Orient meets the Occident."
This "cry from the jungle," a terrible tale,
Is a prayer for the "widows" who weep and wail;
'Tis a plea for poor India's little "Child-wives"
And the sad-faced mothers who forfeit their lives:

Because only girls are now given to them
They are "outcasts" made by customs condemn,
And "the Light of Asia" small power exerts
Our sisters to save from such cruel hurts;
Yes, sisters they are, though benighted in sin
"Like others," know not how the Christ stepped in:
While we revel in freedom so dearly bought!
Let us send them a "mite" and a helpful thought.

Have you heard how their childhood is robbed of joys—
Or their breath crushed out for not being boys,
Of their tortures and plunge into Ganges that rolls—
Since *their* Superstition denies any Souls?

Except it be gained thro' disgusting rite,
Makes a *Dunkard* despised in that land of blight;
Would "humility" sweet give them title clear,
If their "feet-washing" followed our Master's here?

But I read with a shocked and a pained surprise
How they're "purified" when their *lord* doth *rise*;*
Was there once common root for a beautiful rite,
And its shameful perversion in Hindu's Night?
Has the "abomination" been long "set up"
Where desolation and poverty sup?
Does "purification"—their Maker insults—
Cause babies abandoned and hardened adults?

Still the cry from the "cradle" rings in my ears!
Where those starving child-wives of tender years
Are enduring the wrongs would *our women* kill,
Are left to the flame or crocodile's will;
Where! oh where does pure Justice for them abide!
And the "Roses" stamped out by "race-suicide"?
It is sanctioned by "caste" and th' riveted bond
Of religion has lost all its "light" beyond.

Now the call is to action while Time is here,
Though many the hearts are needing our cheer—
There's nothing on Earth so pitiful told,
As the way baby girls are bought and sold.

*This is a reference to the custom that compels the wife to wash her husband's soiled feet, when he rises, and then to drink the water as a part of her "purification" process, the rest is pictured in all its beastly details by our home and their native missionaries;—imploring women "to the rescue." There a Government strong for "Anglo-Saxon" rights, will protect individual effort while it adheres to original compact to keep "hands off" from their priest-ridden religion. Authentic proof given by "Indo-American Woman's League."—The Author.

Where they 're telling the tale of the "Jungle" yet
There are kindred evils, oh! don't forget!
Let us join the Crusades ere our life be spent,
Let us "love His Appearing" in mercy sent.

Here the "open Book"! there the *open door*
Gives us opportunity o'er and o'er,
To do the good deeds—where the mothers may pray
With their little ones happy on "Children's Day";
Will you think of my line! with Central connect?
When the message comes home do we then reflect,
That the *Angels* look down on *our race* intent—
Where the Occident's greeting the "Orient"?

DRINK TO HER HEALTH.

Who is it that comes in emergency call!—
Of the wise physician whose practice may fall,
As the patient's pulse mounting higher up still
Announces the fire—signified by a chill.
When friends, paralyzed, wait for parents appalled,
With signs more alarming who then is installed?
In the grave complication is trusted to save
Our darling first-born, ere launched on the wave.

Who appears on the scene, confident and calm?
Unto hearts that are troubled—benignant balm;
Brings system with service, her province defined

By intangible realm of qualified mind.
Takes responsible charge, puts avenger to flight!
Bearing burden alone through th' perilous night;
Who raises our courage till th' faithful can pray
"Supplement with Thy strength, and the fever stay."

Who may leave her own widowed, or helpless child
To the care of another; ne'er reconciled
To the separation from mother who sighs;
Filling post of provider, while dear one lies
On an invalid's couch racked all of her days!
With the obstinate pain that rheumatic plays
Up and down her frame;—though enfeebled and faint
Will no plea interject, no passionate plaint.

Spends her tedious hours extracting the hope
Of a future reward, where no punative pope
Can anathemas hurl at our rights guaranteed!—
By the "red, white and blue" our freedom decreed.
Busies her fingers with knitting and stitching,
A part of existence whenever the twitching
And grinding, and aching of nerves so distressed
Are permitted a change, and season of rest.

What a long preparation for going home!
Will the "Hem of His Garments" then heal Salome?
Whose inheritance here with ancestral pride—
Must the lonely compensate in world so wide.
Lets the strongest tie, binds to this nether sphere!
To duty be given, Dora's mission made clear:—
Must recuperate lungs and overcharged veins,
To the "Queen City" comes where Platte meets th' plains.

More sunshine to drink, more salubrious air
To learn a new truth, nurse ministers there;
Those leaves must develop of Sharon's sweet rose—
Congenial finds soil where her sister grows.
Here Pride of the Rockies—whose towering heights!
Castellated and sheer form wonderful sights,
Are surpassed by none in their Grande river view;—
Opens wide her arms to the tourist, and you:

Who come for your health, employment or home
She'll encourage to tarry—no more to roam;
What delights for the eye, inducements to stay!
Has our beautiful Denver, left far away.
When again, shall I breathe her celestial clime?
Her spirit of progress! where woman and rhyme
Exercise every right God-given to man,
To correct his mistakes, or approve of his plan.

Who comes to this state, must consider at last
The wisdom of measure marks generous past;
At first, like our heroine, filled with desires
May cultivate mania for putting out fires;
When, later, some forte has won estimation
Would abilities map to save this Nation,
Then catching infection of stirring campaigns—
Will be glad that our sex has a hand on the reins.

You think I have wandered from theme for a ride!
Have forgotten my subject of *nurse* fortified—
Got enthused with her work, threw brand undesigned,
To put out its blaze have I lingered behind.
Shall we drink to her health? The fate of a lover,
Alleviates pain for victims who hover

Between life and death, fighting fevers induced
By the demons that cold and hunger have loosed?

Right earnestly, pledge we—in crystal cup flows,
In the purest "ambrosia" the *Gods* may dispose;
But never that *bowl*, fiery passions abuse!—
Follows "prince of *Inferno*" fair Golden brews.
Who crosses her borders, may question the bars
Let down by society, hailing the stars—
That triumph o'er tyranny, crime and disease;
May a home body be or collector of fees.

Oft a bread-winner, she, no labor despised;
Better avenues offer to brain is advised.
Single-handed, their ladies may cope with them all!
Be a type of the truest, or woefully fall;
This one joined the Armies in regular style,
White-capped and white-robbed march in peaceful defile;
Midst the noblest of corps, heroism inspires—
Is the brave, quiet Nurse *putting out the fires.*

LOVE'S SECRET.

In fair Beulah Land, where the *Bo*-tree buds,
Where flowers never blight with winter floods,
Where the "water of Life" is turned "into wine,"
There am I "my Belovéd's, and he is mine."

This Secret, delightful! in Solomon's song,
The world hath been guessing for long, for long!
In grave-clothes shrouded—in ivy wreaths dressed,
Of pleasures divine, 'tis purest and best.

Why give it away as an article cheap?
Would your pulses and nobler passions leap?
Lest "Eris" step in and jealousy stab,
Sweet spirit of *Concord* forbids "to blab."

Shall I speak then of vows "for better or worse,"
Clothe love in the tawdry trappings of verse?
Ah, no; there is never a chance for the ill
With one may tarry through the night-watch still;

Am I telling the *secret* of a stolen bliss—
Of a partner wronged when we meet and kiss?
Not so; whom our God has united in Life
Of the soul, there is here no cause for strife.

And no stain of slander shall dare to attach!
For holy desire hath determined the match;
As rare as the Saviour's—this love that I bear
My dearly Belovéd, for me doth care.

To hide in my heart, those harmonies stirred—
Which seek for expression in tender word!
Would show all the good, how this precious "gift"
Of the Comforter came with the cross I lift,

At command of the Master to follow right on
After him, though weary never nailed thereon;—
Is against my intention and nature, too,
Yet to my Belovéd I would still be true.

While I chant a choral, and feel the soft charm
Of electric power that guideth my arm,
Mecause I received the one whom He sent
To lead me the way my Belovéd first went

No earthly companion in carnal cast,
Thus brings me reward for suffering past,
In "ecstasy" frees my mind from the clay—
On the "Border-land" shows me the brighter day;

He's a clear, shining light for th' circles that seek,
Is a "minist'ring spirit" to mortal meek;
Though the "Cloud Compeller" he may not be
Yet the Muse he hath surely compelled for me.

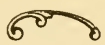
When the instrument weak, has its purpose filled!
I shall lay it down as my Lord hath willed,
To wear the "white robes" with Immortal son—
Where my Belovéd and I are made *one.*

THE VEHICLE OF LIFE.

Watch the figure flying faster on the Road,
  Master of a great invention, not his own!
He is riding for dear *life* to beat the load
  In the *omnibus,* goes slower while they groan;
On the larger *wheel* he's seated "a la mode"
  Has the name "*re*-incarnation" at the Throne,—
  Never safe when its companion wheel is flown.

But the smaller, more important, placed before—
  Bears the light that turns his darkness into day,
When its *spokes* get bent or broken, evermore—
  'Tis the sign that he has *fallen* in the "clay;"
Strong at *CENTER*—*wheel* of Love will let him soar!
  If the Company was *good,* he has to pay;—
  And 'twill serve him when the *other* bounds away.

His by "violence," or stolen? . . . God forbid!—
  Yet the *workingman's* too poor to have a car,
And to travel on alone! the *Law* undid—
  When the *woman* was admitted to "the bar";
While the Wheels are held together, they are bid
  To put on the "wedding garment,"—for afar!—
  Sounds the *call* for our assemblage at the *Star.*

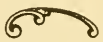


INVOCATION.

Everlasting GOD!—of the Universe,
All-Glorious One!—who lifts the curse,
  Here in adoration, now I come
Imploring Thine Omniscience,
  For blessings make mine earthly sum;
Oh, Righteousness! pure Innocence!
Take Thou my all of guilt away,
The power of tempter surely slay;
Give me the strength to walk upright

To do each thing in Thine own might;
To rest, within Thy Haven hide
At morn, at noon, at even-tide;
Let all the Earth rejoice in light!
In sunrise, and the solemn night;
Dominion give! to Christ our Lord,
When He shall Come to loose the cord
That binds the mind to marble walls,
Which make us dumb to angel calls.
Crown Him with songs of "victory"!
Over passions and iniquity;
And seat Him on His Throne to reign
When Holy Fire hath cleansed the stain.
With *self* subdued, All Soùl translate!
To WILL Divine must abdicate;
May reach Immortal Paradise,—
When Thou hast sealed and set the price.
My way through worldly paths, oh guide!
Safe bring me to the Heavenly Days;
In Love, in trustfulness I bide,
With Starry Hosts to swell Thy praise!
The door of Truth hast opened wide.
Ring out the "tidings" *death is birth*
Into a higher Life than earth;
No more we bow to scepter grim!
Nor kiss cold lips in Hope is dim;
Jehovah rent the Jewish "veil"
That *faith* should feel *Thy Spirit* Rays;—
When sight and hearing still may fail
Thy *silent watcher* sweetly stays,
Has come to shed Thy Glory round

Unto the END where Man is bound.
Let peace and plenty mark these years,
Oh! spare our hearts from tortured fears;
Consigned to use, preserve from dearth
Of "rain" is in *communion* given;
Inscribe those tasks of humble worth!
Are Thine to build my Home in Heaven.



FIND THE AUTHOR.

*H*appiness true is the one great treasure,
*E*ver seek then another's pleasure;
*R*ound about you scatter the kingdom seeds:
*M*any may fall on the stony ground!
*A*nd others in the quicksand be found;
*N*one will be wasted, whether words or deeds.

*W*e, by joy and peace are visited!
*L*ustful world never knew existed;
*U*nto us has the sure promise been given,
*C*ome and work in the "vineyard" today!
*A*nd hundred-fold shall here be your pay;
*S*o likewise, win soul reward in heaven.

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